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REVIEWS

Vienna and the Austrians. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

WHEN literature was confined to the learned and the tasteful,—when readers were few, and an author was “one man out of ten thousand;” a writer, to become popular, was obliged to write up to his readers: but now, that literature has become a staple article of consumption with “the general,” the most successful authors are they who write down to their customers. He who writes to live, if he will “cut blocks with a razor,” must rest contented, like Andrew Marvel, with cold mutton, and the hopes of an immortal reputation in ages to come. In this, there is no peculiarity. When the rich and the noble alone dressed splendidly, gold and precious stones were “your only wear;” but when we of the humbler classes, and our “helps,” took to finery, Birmingham stepped in to our assistance, and deluged the shops with stamped gilding and coloured glass. It is in such a state of the republic of letters, that writers of the calibre of the lady before us receive their vocation. Without imagination, without true enthusiasm, without science,—beholding all things in their commonest aspects, penetrating nothing, understanding nothing, they enjoy, in the utmost perfection, the happy gift of avoiding all that could disturb the complacency of the selfish, or startle the sleeping security of the inapprehensive: while the mere circumstance of their unfitness for higher tasks only enables them the better to pour out their “infinite deal of nothings,”—descriptions, anecdotes, twaddling sentiments, and trite maxims, which are plain and level to the commonest understandings.

It must have been some happy accident that placed the subject of Vienna and the Austrians in such hands. Mrs. Trollope is just the person to trumpet forth the virtues of a self-styled paternal government, to illustrate the animal satisfactions and material comforts of the pampered tradesmen of an aristocratic capital, and to mistake these for national prosperity; to rejoice in the gorgeous pageantry of doating feudalism, and to calumniate (as far as such a writer's censure can prevail,) whatever tends to enlarge the mind of man, and to ennoble his nature. A perpetual contentment with surfaces, an incapacity for deep thinking, an absolute inacquaintance with the foundations of philosophical or of moral truth, are precisely the qualities which would confound the watchful discipline of a madhouse with parental rule, and would lead their owner to profess a profound sense of religion, and a thorough conviction of the high destinies of the species, and yet desire to deprive men of the “power to please themselves in religion, morals, politics, and literature, without reference to the wisdom of God or man,” (vol. i. p. 334): that is, without the wisdom of mortal expounders of God's text, and without the capricious dictation of an absolute sovereign. In one particular, alone, is Mrs. Trollope wanting to the due discharge of her task; and that is, in sufficient bad faith to make her aware of the hollowness of the ground on which she has taken her stand. The dupe of her own ignorance, and unconscious of what is passing in minds of a higher calibre than her own, she blurs out the most monstrous propositions, in all the

nakedness of their fallacy. She seeks not for fine words to cover the vileness of things, but, with the simplicity of a child, is perpetually uttering some self-convicting sophism, through which the least experienced may read the truth.

The consequence is, that this lady's works are not dangerous. With less bigotry, less fanaticism, less abject servility of mind, she might have made converts to her cause; but, as she is, we much question whether her favourite Metternich,—“the abstract and brief chronicle of the absolute,”—the minister of whom “no man can say that he ever injured him”—(hear this, Con-falonieri, and ye the few other Italian patriots, who have survived his secret tribunals, and long years of *carcere duro*!),—we question whether this sharp-sighted aristocrat will thank her for trotting him and his policy out, in the way she has done, before a British public. The Americans can afford to laugh with, or at, their calumniator, in the full consciousness that no living soul thinks the worse of them for her pert and extravagant caricatures,—but we rather imagine her friends in Vienna will do anything but laugh at the *gaucherie* of what she considers as their defence.

The character of Mrs. Trollope's sentiments and writings are so well known, that we should not have indulged in the foregoing remarks, had she not on the present occasion exceeded herself in all that is most offensive of her peculiarities. She is more bigoted, more slavish, more intolerant, more common-place and unintellectual than usual; and of all her publications this is the one we have read with most disgust and with least pleasure. The rebuke, therefore, was called for—was wrung from us; and, having thus eased our conscience, we shall endeavour to repay our readers for dragging them into such disagreeable discussions, by picking out those extracts which, for some reason or another, may be welcome to them. The major part of the first volume relates to Mrs. Trollope's journey to the scene of action, and has little connexion with the title of the work; we must, however, find room for a few passages even from this part. The account of her visit to the Salzbourg Mines is interesting, but a far better appeared in Dr. Granville's ‘Spas of Germany,’ and was quoted in this journal (No. 510). Of the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, at Innsbruck she thus speaks:—

“This majestic tomb is placed in the middle of the central aisle, on a platform approached by two or three steps of red marble. On the top of a marble roof, raised over it, kneels a colossal figure, in bronze, of Maximilian, surrounded by four smaller allegorical figures of the same metal. The sides of the tomb are divided into twenty-four compartments, of the finest Carrara marble, (carefully covered from the light of day, and only opened to the curious on the payment of a fee,) on which are represented the most interesting events of the emperor's warlike and most prosperous career. The exquisite workmanship of these tablets, though certainly less in the style of Michael Angelo than of an artist in silver or ivory, is most admirable; and, taken together with the lofty deeds and royal alliances they record, appear to me the most princely decoration for a tomb that I have seen or heard of. The celebrated monument raised to the memory of the first wife of this illustrious prince, Mary of Burgundy, who, with her father, Charles the Bold, lies buried in St. Mary's church at Bruges, greatly as the twin tombs are admired, is, compared to this, a toy and a trifle.

* Each tablet contributing to the splendid bio-

graphy which the sculptures exhibit, is in size about two feet four inches, by one foot eight; and every object contained in them is in the most perfect proportion, and for the most part in excellent perspective, while the finish of the heads and draperies in the foreground requires a magnifying glass to do it justice.

“But, marvellous as is the elaborate beauty of this work, it is far from being the most remarkable feature of this imperial mausoleum. Ranged in two long lines, as if to guard it, stand twenty-eight colossal statues in bronze, of whom twenty are kings, and dukes, and noble princes, alliances of the house of Habsbourg, and eight, their stately dames. Anything more impressive than the appearance of these tall dark guardians of the tomb, some clad in regal robes, some cased in armour, and all finished with the greatest skill, it would be difficult to imagine. But to enjoy it to perfection, the church must be empty. When we first entered it, a capuchin monk was preaching to a very crowded audience; and though these sable giants reared themselves above the crowd in such a style that it would require a preacher of no common eloquence to divide attention with them, yet it was only afterwards, when we had the church to ourselves, for the purpose of having the tomb uncovered for us, that they produced their full effect upon the eye and the imagination.

“I am conscious that it is a sign of great mental weakness to have a fancy so easily wrought upon; but I declare to you that I almost trembled as I stood before them. Each with most portrait-like individuality of attitude and expression; each solemn, mournful, dignified, and graceful; and all seeming to dilate before your eyes into more than human dimensions, as if framed with miraculous skill to scare intruders, and to be stationed there by some power more than mortal, to keep fitting watch and ward around the mighty dead. They look, believe me, like an eternal procession of mourners, who shall cease not, while earth endures, to gaze on, mourn over, and protect the sacred relics of him who was the glory of their glorious race on earth. I wish I could find myself amidst them with no light stronger than the moon could give, to force one to see things prosaically just as they are! But though I should not quite expect to behold them step forward either to kneel around their cousin's bones, or to chase me from my presumptuous contemplation, I should . . . shall I own it? . . . greatly prefer a companion or two—provided they were not scoffers—to enjoy the effect of the dim spectacle with me.

“Twenty-three small bronze statue portraits of saints and saintesses, all claiming kindred with the Habsbourg-Austrian line, are placed on high in front of the choir; among which I remarked *Saint Richard King of England*.”

Mrs. Trollope says truly that it is a proof of mental weakness to have a fancy so easily wrought upon. This “majestic tomb” is indeed covered with bas-reliefs of extreme beauty, delicacy, and high finish, and considered as a work of art, is the gigantesque of ladies' work-boxes. The cost and labour must have been enormous, but the result in general effect is utterly lost: the compartments might just as well have been filled with plain marble, for the carving cannot be seen even at a few yards distance. The absurd attempt has been to make bas-reliefs as effective as pictures, and by like means; but the crowd of heads, (there are in many places fifty in a space not larger than our hand,) is indistinguishable from want of colour and contrast; and unless, at the suggestion of the sacristan, you torture yourself into some unnatural position to get a particular gleam of light or shade, there are no heads at all visible. It is, in fact, as a

work of art, somewhat above carved cherry-stones or a Chinese toy; the details indeed are often admirable, and many of the groups truly beautiful; but this, to a person of right feeling, only makes them regret the more that so much of the labour of genius should have been so wasted. But this is the patronage of art. The artist might have produced an immortal work, and starved; but the triumphs of Maximilian put money in his purse, and there was a patron and a friend secured by every head of the hundreds thrust into such goodly company. The colossal statues is another proof of patronage and its influences; these "tall dark guardians" are mere masses of armour and drapery, and as they were all cast at the same time, and long after many of the parties were dead, they have not even the interest which might attach to them as portraits. Let us now hasten to the matter in hand:—

"And now let me, if I can, share with you the first impression that Vienna has made upon me. It is in almost all respects as little as possible like what I expected to find it. * * From the importance of Vienna, and all that belongs to it, in the history of Europe, I expected to find it spreading nearly over as much ground as Paris,—a mixing up of the ideas of bulk and importance, which, I am ready to confess, does no particular honour to my sagacity. Instead of being as large as Paris, however, the walls of Vienna can be walked round by a party of ladies chattering all the time, within the hour; or, in plainer English, the circuit is about three miles. This is quite true: yet were I to tell you that the circuit was thirty, I doubt if the statement would be greatly more calculated to convey a false impression of the general air and style of Vienna than this bald truth would lead you to conceive. * *

"Vienna properly, or rather literally, so called, is to use a phrase of Horace, 'the least part of herself.' The Stadt, or centre of this elegant city, is surrounded by fortifications which form, probably, the most beautiful town promenade in the world. The elevation of the wall which supports this glorious terrace is from fifty to seventy feet, following the inequalities of the ground; and the walk is varied by many bastions, several plantations of ornamental trees, and in one or two points by public gardens, through which the passage is never impeded. Some of the pleasantest mansions in the town have their principal windows looking upon the Bastey, as this beautiful promenade is generally called, and their entrance in the streets; while others have their entrance from the Bastey; at which points a carriage approach is arranged from the street below, but always in such a manner as not to interfere either with the beauty or convenience to the gravelled terrace.

"Outside this magnificent wall, the masonry of which is worthy of all admiration, runs a fosse, now converted into drives and walks of great beauty and enjoyment, and ever affording on one side or other of the town the most perfect shelter from the winds with which its neighbour mountains are apt to visit it. Rising on the exterior circle of the fosse is the Glacis, also devoted to the health and pleasure of the population, planted in many parts with trees, and everywhere intersected with well-kept walks and drives. Then comes the Vorstadt, or, as I should describe it, the outer town, forming, excepting where the Danube cuts through it, a complete circle of faubourg round the city. When I tell you that the dwelling-houses of the faubourgs amount to five times the number of those in the city, you will understand what I mean when I say that Vienna is the least part of herself. One reason why the singular arrangement of this town is so delightful is, that the view from many points of the walks and drives is highly beautiful; having the fine range of the Kalenberg mountains on one side as a back-ground, and a multitude of objects, full of interest and beauty, presenting themselves in succession near the eye, as you make your circular progress. But there is another reason still, and that of infinitely greater importance to its enjoyment, which is the perfect freedom from filth, or external annoyance of any kind. How the thing is managed passes my comprehension; but neither in the streets of the city, on its noble

and widely-spreading ramparts, beneath its lofty walls, in its deep wide fosse, nor its extended Glacis, is any sight or scent to be met that can either offend the senses or shock the feelings in any way. What renders this the more extraordinary is, that the population is extremely dense, the streets narrow, and the system of drainage, though greatly superior to that of Paris, immeasurably inferior to that of London. Yet you may walk through every street and lane of Vienna with impunity.

"While mentioning this most blessed civic peculiarity, which renders it impossible for me as yet to pass through any part of the town, or the beautiful circle of life and animation which surrounds it, without reiterating my astonishment and admiration at its perfect cleanliness, historic truth obliges me to declare that the absence of evil smells, so remarkable in the streets, does by no means accompany the traveller in his entrance into his hotel; and I must confess, also, that in our very laborious search after lodgings, we have mounted many a staircase wherein what I have heard a saucy Englishman call 'the smell of the Continent' was sufficiently perceptible. As far as I am acquainted with the capitals of Europe, I should say that London and Vienna might divide between them the palm for having, far beyond any other large congregations of men, discovered the means of herding together without suffering their near neighbourhood to become a nuisance. London has done this for the interior of her dwellings, Vienna for the exterior of her streets."

To the majority of our readers the following account of the Vienna Opera will be new:—

"The only thing that has as yet disappointed me in Vienna is the Opera. It is certain, nevertheless, that the orchestra is admirable, and that the choruses have all the usual perfection of German correctness; but they have not a single voice in any degree capable of sustaining an opera in such a style as one seems to have a right to expect at Vienna.

"In this respect, though we are accounted, and justly too, as not being, *en masse*, a musical people, our ears have been rendered critical, and our judgment severe, by being accustomed to have the very highest order of talent in this line secured to us by the great prices given by the managers of our Italian opera. They cannot, or they will not, give such prices here; and the consequence is, that the vocal part of this most delicious of all recreations is (excepting in the choruses) decidedly below mediocrity. This, I confess, is a great vexation to me. My notion of a Vienna opera had something very exalted in it; something in which visions of Mozart, Haydn, and Weber were joined with ideas of execution as national and as perfect as their compositions. . . . But the reality is otherwise. They tell us, indeed, that this remarkable paucity of vocal talent is not occasioned alone by the overpowering competition of London and Paris, but by a real and universal dearth in the article. * *

"If we have not the throat of a Grisi, we have, however the feet of one; and prettier feet, or more exquisitely managed withal, it would be difficult to find. There is a refined delicacy in the appearance and manner of this charming dancer that is quite unique. Perot, as usual, dances with her, and nothing can be better in its way than their performance. The step with which Perot skims over the ground, just touching it from time to time, as a butterfly rests for a moment on a flower, is quite beautiful.

"We were considerably scandalized by the much more than ordinary brevity of the draperies of the female part of the corps de ballet. This brevity, however, is from no paltry economy in the article of gauze; for, if deficient in length, they are redundant in breadth, each *dansuse* greatly resembling in her general tournaise the beautiful blossom of the fuchsia when fully expanded. . . . save that, instead of many stamina, she has only two.

"The opera-house is not a splendid one: but in Vienna the elevation of a theatre is, as I have told you before, a national affair; and one of the steadfast principles of this steadfast government is to avoid all unnecessary expense. The house was very full: and would be so, I am informed, were it much larger. Every box is taken for the season, and the number is insufficient to supply the demand. The performance begins at seven, and ends rather

before ten; thus giving time for the most lengthened dinner party before, and for evening parties after it: an excellent arrangement, which contributes greatly to make the amusement popular. * *

"The first opera we attended was *Semiramide*; the second, *Norma*. The singing in the first was so bad as to be positively productive of pain instead of pleasure; and of the second I ought, in strict truth, perhaps, to say the same, were it not that the exquisite acting of Madlle. Löwe, in the part of *Norma*, almost bribed one to forget the defective quality of her voice. She is, moreover, a very beautiful woman, and throws so much fire and passion into her performance, that it is quite impossible not to admire her, even while feeling that if nature ever intended she should be *prima donna* in anything but acting, she has need to acquire much greater skill in the management of her piercing voice than she at present possesses. * *

"Vienna is in truth just now suffering severely from an access of waltzes, and *rococo* Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and the like, are banished from 'ears polite,' while Strauss and Lanner rule the hour. Nevertheless, there is not one to whom you can speak on the subject, but will utter a very eloquent hymn of praise in honour of their immortal composers. Yet still Strauss and Lanner write and play on, while all the world listens and applauds."

Propos to music, we must give one other extract; the last sentence is strikingly characteristic of the writer:—

"There is yet another species of music which I have heard in Vienna, but of this I hardly know how to speak. Were I to attempt expressing to you all it has made me feel, you might, perhaps, think it had charmed away my wits. There is, in truth, so wild and strange an harmony in the songs of the children of Israel as performed in the synagogue in this city, that it would be difficult to render full justice to the splendid excellence of the performance, without falling into the language of enthusiasm. A voice, to which that of Braham in his best days was not superior, performs the solo parts of these extraordinary cantiques; while about a dozen voices more, some of them being boys, fill up the glorious chorus. The volume of vocal sound exceeds anything of the kind I have ever heard; and being unaccompanied by any instrument, it produces an effect equally singular and delightful.

"Some passages in these majestic chaunts are so full of pathos, that the whole history of the nation's captivity rushes upon the memory as we listen; and the eyes fill with tears at the sufferings of God's people in hearing the words 'Israel! Israel! Israel!' uttered in the sort of plaintive cry which they introduce with such beautiful effect: but, the moment after, the recollection of their stiff-necked disobedience destroys all sympathy, and almost makes one ashamed of listening even to the words of David from lips which, while they breathe his prophetic songs in strains that seem as if they came direct from heaven, deny the glorious fulfilment of them which has passed before their eyes:—

*Heias! Ce peuple ingrat a méprisé sa loi,
La nation chérie a violé sa foi!*

Here for the present we take leave.

Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

We take up the Life of Grimaldi with something of that melancholy humour of the memory which touched the heart of Hamlet when he contemplated "the skull of Yorick, the king's jester!"—"Alas! poor Grimaldi!—we knew him well, good reader;—a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy! . . . Where be his gibes now?—his gambols?—his songs?—his flashes of merriment that were wont to set the houses in a roar? Not one, now, to mock his own grinning!—quite chap-fallen!" If the lives of actors be worthy the pen of biographers, and, at the same time, pleasant and morally profitable to the reading public, the lives of the most eminent professors of their art should be alone selected; and, this being granted, we know not of any performer who has a stronger claim to have his memory perpetuated beyond

the grave, than the humane, generous, and just creature, that was beloved alike in public and private life.—Joseph Grimaldi.

By the courtesy of the publisher, we have just been favoured with a volume and a half of the memoirs of this inimitable pantomimist,—without, of course, the title-pages, the introduction, or preface, by Mr. Dickens (the editor of the work), or the etchings by Cruikshank, illustrative of some of the principal incidents in the volumes. The details here communicated to the public are, we presume, to be relied upon; for, as Grimaldi beguiled the few latter years of his jaded and afflicted life, by keeping a journal, the anecdotes are doubtless grounded in fact, though rendered a little more effectively ornamental by the biographer, "after what flourishes his nature will." From the character of the work, we need not withhold our notice of what we do possess from our readers, although we shall refrain from speaking critically of it.

The life of Grimaldi was a sort of pantomime in itself: love—thievery (not his own)—rapid changes of scene—sudden findings of riches, as sudden losses—great simplicity—pleasant archness—all blended to make an existence! No actor on the stage, in our recollection, ever produced such effects as Grimaldi produced,—and in the streets, the middling and the lower classes almost worshipped him. He was identified with their best feelings of innocent relaxation, pure warm-heartedness, and boundless humour! Off the boards, he was the sensible, feeling, discreet, timid, single-hearted man;—on the boards, he was a living temple, erected to broad humour: his mouth was a portal capable of the most purse-like contraction or awful expansion—he could fit it to the reception of a tobacco-pipe, or the introduction of a peck-loaf. His eyes were able to carry on business without the aid of each other;—one eye was quietly silent and serious, whilst the other would be engaged in the most elaborate and mischievous wink. What eyebrows too!—they would go up like a couple of umbrellas, or one would ascend, and the other remain to superintend the wink; and the very cheeks had a muscular power of action, of which none but those who have seen the astounding workings of them could form any idea! There was a fine, frank, confiding jollity about him too, in his figure and in his air, which at once made friends, and not mere spectators, of the audience. His arms flapped open at the sentiment of a song—his legs bowed out in their tufted and party-coloured garments—and his voice burst, or rather chuckled forth, larded with rich humour and feeling. He threw himself, *hot codlings* and all, full on the pit: not a motion but had its effect. His very inaction, too, was eloquent. How would he fall into love with the cook—as into a pit one hundred fathom deep! Who could be frightened like him!—who could relapse so utterly into giggling boyish joy! His knees became funny—his throat swelled with fun—his freakishness, like Acres's valour, oozed out at the palms of his hands: and then, for his agricultural architecture of man, none could approach him. The turnip for the head—the carrots for the fingers—the great cow-cabbage for the body, all seemed to come so much by chance, and all appeared to be put together with such *extempore* contrivance—and yet so much for a mere frisk. With Grimaldi's retirement from the stage, vegetable man-building appears to have gone into absolute and irredeemable ruin and decay.

Joseph Grimaldi came upon the stage of life a very short time before he entered upon the metropolitan stage. Acting descended to him as an heir-loom. His father was a celebrated clown, and his father's father was known to the French and Italian public as an eminent dancer;

possessed of surprising strength and agility—in fact, he was distinguished by the name of "Iron legs." Young Grimaldi was brought up by his severe parent, who was more than seventy years old when Joe was born, as a pantomime actor, and for a pantomime actor. He made his appearance at Drury Lane theatre at the precious age of *one year and eleven months*, as the little clown, in a pantomime founded on Robinson Crusoe. His triumphant powers soon procured him a salary of 15s. a week. The father of our hero was in the habit of sticking his funny urchin in the corner of the green-room, with a caution to him, "to venture to move at his peril," until the moment he was wanted for the stage. The following is no bad picture of the innate fun in the bud, which, in after years, opened into so consummate a flower:—

"Venture to move however he did, for no sooner would the father disappear, than all the cries and tears of the boy would disappear too; and with many of those winks and grins, which afterwards became so popular, he would recommence his pantomime with greater vigour than ever; indeed, nothing could ever stop him, but the cry of 'Joe! Joe! here's your father!' upon which the boy would dart back into the old corner, and begin crying again, as if he had never left off.

"This became quite a regular amusement in course of time, and whether the father was coming or not, the caution used to be given for the mere pleasure of seeing 'Joe' run back to his corner; this 'Joe' very soon discovered, and, often confounding the warning with the joke, received more severe beatings than before, from him whom he very properly describes in his manuscript as his 'severe, but excellent parent.' On one of these occasions, when he was dressed for his favourite part of the little clown in Robinson Crusoe, with his face painted in exact imitation of his father's, which appears to have been part of the fun of the scene, the old gentleman brought him into the green-room, and, placing him in his usual solitary corner, gave him strict directions not to stir an inch, on pain of being thrashed, and left him.

"The Earl of Derby, who was at that time in the constant habit of frequenting the green-room, happened to walk in at the moment, and seeing a lonesome-looking little boy dressed and painted after a manner very inconsistent with his solitary air, good-naturedly called him towards him.

"Hollo! here, my boy, come here!" said the Earl.

"Joe made a wonderful and astonishing face, but remained where he was. The Earl laughed heartily, and looked round for an explanation.

"He dare not move!" explained Miss Farren, to whom his lordship was then much attached, and whom he afterwards married, 'his father will beat him if he does.'

"Indeed," said his lordship. At which Joe, by way of confirmation, made another face more extraordinary than his former contortions.

"I think," said his lordship, laughing again, 'the boy is not quite so much afraid of his father as you suppose. Come here, sir!'

"With this, he held up half-a-crown, and the child, perfectly well knowing the value of money, darted from his corner, seized it with pantomimic suddenness, and was darting back again, when the Earl caught him by the arm.

"Here, Joe!" said the Earl, 'take off your wig and throw it in the fire, and here's another half-crown for you.'

"No sooner said than done. Off came the wig—into the fire it went; a roar of laughter arose; the child capered about with a half-crown in each hand; the Earl, alarmed for the consequences to the boy, busied himself to extricate the wig with the tongs and poker; and the father, in full dress for the Shipwrecked Mariner, rushed into the room at the same moment. It was luckily for 'Little Joe' that Lord Derby promptly and humanely interfered, or it is exceedingly probable that his father would have prevented any chance of his being buried alive at all events, by killing him outright."

He subsequently appears at Sadler's Wells

theatre, and many pages are filled with the chronicles of the various pantomimes, and the growing success of the growing clown,—nor are his disasters overlooked, such as his falling through a trap-door, forty feet, when clumsily dressed up in a cat's skin, without holes for eyesight. The following sketch of his personal appearance is too attractive to be passed over. We should like to have seen, we confess, Master Grimaldi walking along in all his pomp to the shambles:—

"In the summer of this year he used to be allowed, as a mark of high and special favour, to spend every alternate Sunday at the house of his mother's father, 'who,' says Grimaldi himself, 'resided in Newton Street, Holborn, and was a carcase butcher, doing a prodigious business; besides which, he kept the Bloomsbury slaughter-house, and, at the time of his death, had done so for more than sixty years.' With his grandfather, 'Joe' was a great favourite; and, as he was very much indulged and petted when he went to see him, he used to look forward to every visit with great anxiety. His father, upon his part, was most anxious that he should support the credit of the family upon these occasions, and, after great deliberation, and much consultation with tailors, the 'little clown' was attired for one of these Sunday excursions in the following style. On his back, he wore a green coat, embroidered with almost as many artificial flowers as his father had put in the garden at Lambeth; beneath this, there shone a satin waistcoat of dazzling whiteness; and beneath that again were a pair of green cloth breeches (the word existed in those days) richly embroidered. His legs were fitted into white silk stockings, and his feet into shoes with brilliant paste buckles, of which he also wore another resplendent pair at his knees: he had a laced shirt, cravat, and ruffles; a cocked-hat upon his head; a small watch set with diamonds—theatrical, we suppose—in his fob; and a little cane in his hand, which he switched to and fro as our clowns may do now."

After the death of his father, Joe progresses steadily in popularity at Sadler's Wells—falls in love with Miss Hughes, the daughter of one of the proprietors, and, after undergoing much of anxiety and distress in the course of a very sincere passion, he marries her. We pass over a long account of a burglary committed on his house at Pentonville, as we also do the particulars of his being persecuted by a parish constable called "Old Lucas," for being unwittingly present at a bullock-hunt in Sadler's Wells Fields; the stories are too long for our present purposes. Poor Joe lost his wife in less than a year after his marriage,—a very grievous loss, and most grievously felt. In the first passion of his grief the widower went distracted—she was the selected wife of his heart—nothing but the constant attendance and vigilance of his friends, who never left him alone, prevented him from committing suicide. The bustle, and the arduous labours of his profession, fortunately compelled him from grief.

Grimaldi had now become the great popular actor, and when leisure permitted, he starred it, as other favourites did, at country theatres; perhaps no one, before his time or since, could give a better account of the profits of such a trip. After only four nights' performances at Rochester and Maidstone, under the management of eccentric Mrs. Baker (who did not like the risk of putting her money out at interest, but kept her profits, in gold and silver, in large punch bowls at the top of her drawers), he came to town with 311*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* as the result.

The following is a characteristic anecdote:— "Shortly after his return to town, and about a week before Easter, he saw with great astonishment that it was announced, or, to use the theatrical term, 'underlined,' in the Drury Lane bills, that Harlequin Amulet would be revived at Easter, and that Mr. Grimaldi would sustain his original character. This announcement being in direct violation of his articles of agreement at Drury Lane, and wholly in-

consistent with the terms of his engagement at Sadler's Wells, he had no alternative but at once to wait upon Mr. John Kemble, the stage-manager of the former theatre, and explain to him the exact nature of his position. He found John Kemble at the theatre, who received him with all the grandeur and authority of demeanour which it was his habit to assume when he was about to insist upon something which he knew would be resisted. Grimaldi bowed, and Kemble formally and gravely touched his hat.

"Joe," said Kemble, with great dignity, "what is the matter?"

"In reply, Grimaldi briefly stated his case, pointing out that he was engaged by his articles at Drury to play in last pieces at and after Easter, but not in pantomime; that at Sadler's Wells he was bound to perform in the first piece; that these distinct engagements had never before been interfered with by the management of either theatre in the most remote manner upon any one occasion; and that, however much he regretted the inconvenience to which his refusal might give rise, he could not possibly perform the part for which he had been announced at Drury Lane. Kemble listened to these representations with a grave and unmoved countenance; and when Grimaldi had finished, after waiting a moment, as if to make certain that he had really concluded, rose from his seat, and said, in a solemn tone, 'Joe, one word here, sir, is as good as a thousand—you must come!'

"Joe felt excessively indignant at this, not merely because *must* is a disagreeable word in itself, but because he conceived that the tone in which it was uttered rendered it additionally disagreeable; so, saying at once what the feeling of the moment prompted, he replied, 'Very good, sir. In reply to *must*, there is only one thing that can very well be said—I will not come, sir.' 'Will not, Joe,—eh?' said Kemble. 'I will not, sir,' replied Grimaldi. 'Not!' said Kemble again, with great emphasis. Grimaldi repeated the monosyllable with equal vehemence. 'Then, Joe,' said Kemble, taking off his hat, and bowing in a ghost-like manner, 'I wish you a very good morning!'

"Grimaldi took off his hat, made another low bow, and wished Mr. Kemble good morning; and so they parted.

"Next day, his name was taken from the bills, and that of some other performer, quite unknown to the London stage, was inserted instead; which performer, when he did come out, went in again—for he failed so signally, that the pantomime was not played after the Monday night."

Joe subsequently played the Lieutenant in a band of robbers, in a piece called 'The Great Devil.' He carried a pistol in his boot, and during one representation, while drawing it out, the trigger caught in the loop, and the pistol discharged itself into the boot, of course lacerating his leg. "Determined," says our biographer, "not to mar the effect of the scene, however, by leaving the stage before it was finished, he remained on until its conclusion; and then, when by the assistance of several persons the boot was got off, it was found that the explosion had set fire to the stocking, which had been burning slowly all the time he had remained upon the stage; besides which, the wadding was still alight and resting upon the foot. He was taken home, and placed under medical care; but the accident confined him to the house for more than a month." During this illness he was carefully attended by Miss Bristow, an actress of Drury Lane Theatre, and out of gratitude for her kindness, he on the following Christmas married her, and passed thirty years of uninterrupted happiness with her till her death.

The following anecdote is told in Grimaldi's own words. If report is to be believed, his Majesty George IV. had a greater nicety about Christian names and people, being "so familiarity" as Mrs. Quickly calls it, in the later days of his Princeship. Brummell would tell you, in the words of the old plee, that it was dangerous "to call George again, boys!"

"In the winter of the year I frequently had the honour of seeing his late majesty George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, who used to be much behind the scenes of Drury Lane, delighting everybody with his affability, his gentlemanly manners, and his witty remarks. On Twelfth Night 1802, we all assembled in the green-room as usual on that anniversary at Drury Lane Theatre, to eat cake, given by the late Mr. Baddeley, who by his will left three guineas to be spent in the purchase of a Twelfth cake for the company of that theatre. In the midst of our merriment, Sheridan, accompanied by the Prince, entered the apartment, and the former looking at the cake and noticing a large crown with which it was surmounted, playfully said, 'It is not right that a crown should be the property of a cake: what say you, George?' The Prince merely laughed; and Sheridan, taking up the crown, offered it to him, adding, 'Will you deign to accept this trifle?'

"Not so," replied his highness: 'however it may be doubted, it is nevertheless true that I prefer the cake to the crown, after all.' And so, declining the crown, he partook of our feast with hilarity and condescension."

Joe had a younger brother, called John, who, as a lad, went to sea, it is supposed as a common sailor, and was never again seen for fourteen years. In November 1803, Grimaldi was visited at the theatre during the performance, by a well-dressed man, who had come home with plenty of money, and who turned out to be the brother. After much affectionate conversation, and many inquiries on both sides at this sudden interview, it was arranged that the two brothers should go at once to their mother, and the sailor undertook to wait while Grimaldi changed his dress. When the latter came down to the entrance-lobby, the brother had "just gone out,"—Bannister had "just spoken to him"—Powell had "just seen him go up the street." Grimaldi hurried out at the door—could not find him, and hastened on to his mother's house, thinking he might have gone on there, as he had given him the address. Several persons had "that moment seen him," but from that night of November 1803, to this month of January 1838, the missing man was never seen again, nor was any intelligence, or any clue of the faintest or most remote description obtained by any of his friends respecting him. It should be observed that he had identified himself to his brother by a mark on his breast, and had made a boastful display of money which he carried about his person.

The eleventh chapter is taken up with stage affairs and stage quarrels,—matters not very new or very interesting to those who have the slightest acquaintance with that hot-bed of hate—a theatre.

In 1806, Grimaldi's *Waterloo* was fought, for on the 26th of December in that year the triumph of Pantomime was achieved, by the production of "*Mother Goose*!" We will not take the Clown's "word for a thousand pounds," if he truly expressed his sentiments in the following paragraph:—

"Grimaldi's opinion of *Mother Goose*—it may or may not be another instance of the bad judgment of actors—always remained pretty much the same, notwithstanding its great success. He considered the pantomime, as a whole, a very indifferent one, and always declared his own part to be one of the worst he ever played; nor was there a trick or situation in the piece to which he had not been well accustomed for many years before. However this may be, there is little doubt that the exertions of Bologna and himself, as Harlequin and Clown, contributed in a very important degree to the success of the piece; it being worthy of remark, that whenever the pantomime has been played without the original Harlequin and Clown, it has invariably gone off flatly, and generally failed to draw."

At this period he got entrapped into the society of a fashionable party in Charlotte Street, of "twelve ladies and gentlemen," to whom

also, in the innocence of his heart, he introduced his wife. The set turn out to be what is termed "marked people,"—that is, highwaymen, burglars, forgers of notes, and tenants of the pillory. Grimaldi subsequently saves the life of one of the gang, whom he had long known, as he thought, as an honest man, by correctly proving an *alibi*.

We have said that no one produced effects on the stage equal to those produced by Grimaldi. We will prove our words:—

"In the July of this year, a very extraordinary circumstance occurred at Sadler's Wells, which was the great topic of conversation in the neighbourhood for some time afterwards. It happened thus:—

"Captain George Harris, of the Royal Navy (who was related to the Mr. Harris of Covent Garden, and with whom Grimaldi was slightly acquainted), had recently returned to England after a long voyage. The crew being paid off, many of the men followed their commander up to London, and proceeded to enjoy themselves after the usual fashion of sailors. Sadler's Wells was at that time a famous place of resort with the blue-jackets: the gallery being sometimes almost solely occupied by seamen and their female companions. A large body of Captain Harris's men resorted hither one night, and amongst them a man who was deaf and dumb, and had been so for many years. This man was placed by his shipmates in the front row of the gallery. Grimaldi was in great force that night, and, although the audience were in one roar of laughter, nobody appeared to enjoy his fun and humour more than this poor fellow. His companions, good-naturedly, took a good deal of notice of him, and one of them, who talked very well with his fingers, inquired how he liked the entertainments; to which the deaf-and-dumb man replied, through the same medium, and with various gestures of great delight, that he had never seen anything half so comical before.

"As the scene progressed, Grimaldi's tricks and jokes became still more irresistible; and at length, after a violent peal of laughter and applause which quite shook the theatre, and in which the dumb man joined most heartily, he suddenly turned to his mate, who sat next him, and cried out with much glee, 'What a d—d funny fellow!'

"Why, Jack," shouted the other man, starting back with great surprise, 'can you speak?'

"Speak!" returned the other; 'ay, that I can, and hear too.'

"Upon this, the whole party of course gave three vehement cheers, and at the conclusion of the piece adjourned in a great procession to the 'Sir Hugh Middleton,' hard by, with the recovered man elevated on the shoulders of half a dozen friends in the centre. A crowd of people quickly assembled round the door, and great excitement and curiosity were occasioned as the intelligence ran from mouth to mouth, that a deaf-and-dumb man had come to speak and hear, all owing to the cleverness of Joey Grimaldi."

All who remember Grimaldi, and who have been so fortunate as to hear him address an audience in his own person, will be struck with the truth of the following note, appended to the text, in which his honest, straight-forward manner is represented as having rendered powerless the vulgar browbeating attacks of a barrister who had to cross-examine him:—

"The gentleman who first revised Grimaldi's reminiscences adds the following note in this stage of the Memoirs: 'That Mr. Grimaldi has not unworthily commended his own conduct in this instance, no one who has heard him speak in public will be disposed to believe. His manner was always that of a man who, while he entertained a just respect for himself, properly respected the parties to whom he addressed himself. This was strikingly exemplified whenever, in consequence of the sudden illness of a performer, or some other stage-mishap, an apology became necessary; on which occasions he would step forward, and, announcing the calamity, claim the kindness of the audience with so much gentlemanly ease, and such an entire absence of all buffoonery or grimace, that, in spite of his grotesque dress and appearance, and the associations which

they necessarily awakened, the audience forgot the Clown, and only remembered the gentleman."

There is a curious and interesting account of Bradbury, the clown;—mad Bradbury, as he was called;—and this is followed up by a story of theatrical effect, respecting a robbery committed by three men on Grimaldi upon Highgate Hill. For the present we must pass these over. The detail of the particulars of the O. P. Row we also skip, as it does not tell us more than we already know; and with the following little anecdote, very creditable to the feelings of Grimaldi, we close our present notice:—

"During his stay at Bath a little incident happened, developing, in a striking point of view, a very repulsive trait of discourtesy and bad breeding in a quarter where, least of any, such an exhibition might have been looked for.

"Higman, the bass singer, who was then in great repute, and was afterwards the original Gabriel in Guy Mannering, but is since dead, was invited with Grimaldi to dine with a reverend gentleman of that city. They accepted the invitation, and upon their arrival found a pretty large party of gentlemen assembled, the clerical host of course presiding. The very instant the cloth was removed this gentleman commanded, rather than asked, Higman to sing a song. Not wishing to appear desirous of enhancing the merit of the song by frivolous objections, he at once consented, although he had scarcely swallowed his meal. It was deservedly very much applauded and complimented, and the moment the applause had ceased, the reverend doctor turned to Grimaldi and in the same peremptory manner requested a song from him. He begged leave to decline for the present, urging what was indeed the truth, that he had scarcely swallowed his dinner. The observation made by the host in reply rather astonished him.

"What, Mr. Grimaldi!" he exclaimed hastily, "not sing, sir! Why, I asked you here, sir, to-day expressly to sing."

"Indeed, sir!" said Grimaldi, rising from the table: "then I heartily wish you had said so when you gave me the invitation; in which case you would have saved me the inconvenience of coming here to-day, and prevented my wishing you, as I now beg to do, a very unceremonious good-night." With these words he left the apartment, and very soon afterwards the house."

We have worked out the Memoirs, so far as we are in possession of them, and as we could do without offering any critical opinion. When the complete work is before us, we shall again refer to it.

A Dialogue in the Devonshire Dialect. In 3 Parts. By a Lady. To which is added a *Glossary.* By J. F. Palmer. Longman & Co.

This Dialogue is understood to have been written about the middle of the last century, by a sister of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was designed to illustrate the most striking peculiarities of the western dialect, in which object it is generally admitted, by those best able to judge of its merits, to have completely succeeded. The following allusion to the work occurs in Polwhele's 'History of Cornwall':—"I am obliged," he says, "to the MSS. of Bishop Lytton and Dean Miller, and to my ingenious friend Mr. James, of Keverne, and to a dialogue in the Devonshire dialect between Robin and Betty, in three parts, by a lady of the north of Devonshire." We shall offer our readers a few specimens from the dialogue, and then make some observations on the glossary which accompanies it.

The dialogue opens with an account of the parson of the parish having been seen in the wood apostrophizing an oak tree; which, coupled with other circumstances, leaves no doubt on Rab's mind that the "Goodger" is crazy:—

"Rab, O Cryal! Bet, I'd a geed over sa much if you had but seed the parson in the hood."

"Bet, When?"

"Rab, Why a leet rather. Thee can't think what

hanticks and items a had; naddling his head, drowing out his hands, and blasting up his ees to the gurt oaks: than telling to hisell, and bamby out hard: (the goodger knowth what of venerable oaks, and ages past: and when a had greep'd down a wallige of muss, a quat down upon the mors of the tree and toz'd et, and zed words to et, and yearn'd et away, an zeem'd in a brown stiddy, ponching? es steek into the ground. I watch'd en to zee iv a made any zerles or gally-traps; if a had, I'd zoon a be go. Wull, to last, up a rak'd all to wance and vetch'd a vege away to thicca! plossett, ware you and I seed the jack-a-lantern, and took a bard out of the springal! that little mester had a-teel'd: a broke the twine an took the bard in his hand as buys do a shear-a-muze, when they say Shear-a-muze, shear-a-muze, vice over me head; an a told way en as thoft a war telling to a Christian, and zed a shud go an do zum o'at, I don't know wat 'twas, and the poor thing was in such hast to do what a was bid, that a whisk'd away with half his arrant. O gimmeny! what a pitte 'tis! 'tis a thousand pittes, vor a is a hover good man.

"Bet, Po, a fig's end! An zo you zim a maz'd, I'll warnis:—no more lookedeze than you be. I say maz'd akether.

"Rab, Na, na, don't be a nift: I zay no more than all the parish zeth, facks."

There is nothing striking in the scene here represented, nothing even picturesque or uncommon; the parson is not different from most men of education or sensibility, who, rambling through the woods and fields of a summer's evening, finds—

—Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;
and yet out of this simple circumstance the author has wrought an effect which reminds us of Gainsborough's pencil.

We are next introduced to a domestic fracas, occasioned by the dame's recommending her husband to drink "tay" instead of "the Latin cup of best drink;" on which occasion Bet vindicates her mistress from the charge of tame spirit-edness:—

"Rab, Gimmeny! would any but a crowding zokey take it to be kept over in this manner by sich a piggish lubby. I did'n think dame was such a zoft and vare tole."

"Bet, O Cryal! Rab; her is'n the tole you zim, but thinks iv her was to begin to aggie? way en there wid be no hon. Dear hart! that ever such a vitty tidy wife shud vall to his lott: such a stuerly? body, that can tern her hand to any kindest thing, and thof her looketh so puny and pinkin, her lowerstet, and worketh so long as ort is to be do; cleanyness her zeth is next to godlynness: her lov'th to zee every thing in print. I'm zure her hoo no junketings or foistering doings, nor nare bugg'th o'er the dreck-stool to zee any gape's-nest from week's-end to week's-end. A drap of tay and a book is all the comfort her hath, poor zoni. I wish her was'n such a house-cat, but would go more abroad; 'twid do her good.

"Rab, I've hard her had a power of sweetarts whare her come vro. Hard to go dru'd the hood and take a crooked steek at last."

Nature here speaks her own language, and the picture of a good housewife is drawn to the life.

The last extract which we shall make is from a love-scene between Rab and Bet, at the close of the third dialogue:—

"Rab, I love dearly, Bet, to hear the tell; but, good loving now, let's tell o'zummets else.—Time slips away.

"Bet, I, Fega, that it dith. I warnis our vokes wonder what the godger's a come o'me. I'll drive home.—I wish thee good heart.

"Rab, Why there now. Oh, Bet! you guess what I ha to tell about, and you warn't hear me.

1. Wood. 2. Pulled. 3. Loose Bundle. 4. Roots. 5. Pulled about. 6. Threw. 7. Pushing. 8. Mysterious Devices. 9. Stood up. 10. That. 11. Water-meadow. 12. A spring or bird-trap. 13. Bat. 14. Talked. 15. Something.

1. Tremained. 2. Person without spirit. 3. O Christ. 4. Dispute. 5. Stop. 6. Near. 7. Thrifty. 8. Delicate. 9. Excited. 10. Still of the door. 11. Rare show. 12. Number. 13. Through.

"Bet, I say so, co— a fiddle-de-dee,—blind mares.

"Rab, There agen:—did ever any boddy hear the like. Well, soce, what be I to do?"

"Bet, I wish, Rab, you'd leave vetting me. Pi-thee, let's have no more o'at."

"Rab, Well, I zee how 'tis.—You'll be the death o'me, that's a zure thing.

"Bet, Dear hart, how you tell! I the death o' thee!—no, not vor the word, Rab. Why I'd ne'er the heart to hurt thee nor any kindest thing in all my born days. What whimsies you have!—Why do ye put yourself in such a pucker?"

"Rab, Why, because the minnet I go about to break my meend, whip soce, you be a-go, and than I could bite my tongue.

"Bet, Why than will you veass me away when you know I can't abide to hear o'at? Good-nor don't zee zay no more about et. Us have always been good friends, let us bide so.

"Rab, I've now began, and I want let thee go till thee hast a-heard me out.

"Bet, Well, I woll, but don't zee cream my hand zo.

"Rab, I don't know what I do nor what I zay:—many many hearts I hn't a teen'd my eyes vor thinking o'thee. I can't live so, 'tis never the neer to tell o'at; and I must make an end o'at wan way or t'other. I be bent upon't; therefore don't stand shilly-shally, but lookedeze, iv thee disn't zay thee wid ha me, before thicca cloud hath heal'd every sheen o' the moon, zure an double-zure I'll ne'er ax thee agen, but go a soger and never zee home no more. Lock! lock! my precious, what dist cry vor?"

"Bet, I be a cruel moody-hearted tiresome body: and you seare wan, you do zo.—I'm in a sad quandary.—Iv I zay is, I may be sorry; and if I zay no, I may be sorry too, zimmet? I hop you widn't use me badly.

"Rab, Dist think, my sweeting, I shall o'er be maz'd anew to claw out my own eyes? and thee art dearer to me than they be.

"Bet, Hold not so breach now, but hear first what I've to zay. You must know, Rab, the leet money I've a croop'd up I be a shirk'd out o', but 'twill never goodie way an. I'll tell thee how I was chooned."

"Rab, Good-nor, lovey, don't zee think o'at. We shall fadgee and find without et. I can work and will work, an all my carking and caring will be for thee, and everything shall be as thee wond ha' et. Thee shall do what thee wid.

"Bet, I say so too.—Co, co, Rab, how you tell! Why, pi-thee, don't zee think I be such a minny-hammer as to desire et. If 'tis ordain'd I shall ha thee I'll do my best to make tha a gude wife. I don't want to be cocker'd. Hark! hark! don't I hear the bell lowering for aight?—'tis as I live: I shall ha et when I get home.

"Rab, If I let thee go now, will meet me agen to-morrow evening in the dimmet?"

"Bet, No. To-morrow morning at milking time I woll.

"Rab, Sure?"

"Bet, Sure and sure. So I wish thee good neart.

"Rab, Neart, my sweeting!"

The preceding extracts will be sufficient to justify the opinion that this little pastoral exhibits rusticity without vulgarity, and pathos without affectation, while the opposite evils of coarseness and inappropriate refinement are equally avoided; opportunities are yet found for the introduction of most of those idiomatic phrases, and intensive forms of speech which are peculiar to the dialect, and which it was the express object of this composition to illustrate.

Perhaps it is not generally considered how beautiful and harmonious many parts of these despised dialects really are, or how effective they may be rendered in the hands of a skilful writer, though debased by vulgar use, and still more by vulgar minds. Hudibras owes something of its fine pungency and humour, and Don Quixote much of its rich zest to the occasional

1. Bustling distemper. 2. Frighten. 3. Squore. 4. Covered. 5. Soldier. 6. An intensive adverb. 7. I think or it seems. 8. Saved. 9. Cheated. 10. Telling.

introduction of *vulgaridades rusticæ*; which are generally full of meaning, and often highly picturesque. Spenser, too, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, which, in Dryden's opinion, was the completest work of the kind since the time of Virgil, did not disdain this means of heightening the effect. What is gained in refinement is often lost in effect. We admit the inappropriateness of an unrefined dialect to express the higher and nobler sentiments of cultivated society, but for the simpler feelings of the human mind a simpler language is not inappropriate.

The publication of accurate glossaries of provincial words, accompanied by an explanation of the sense in which each of them still continues to be used in the districts to which they belong, would be of essential service in explaining many obscure terms in our early poets, the true meaning of which, although it may have puzzled and bewildered the most acute and learned of our commentators, would perhaps be perfectly intelligible to a Devonshire, Norfolk, or Cheshire clown. In the preface to Wilbraham's *Cheshire Glossary* it is observed:—

"Most of the leading terms in all our provincial dialects, omitting those which are maimed or distorted by a coarse and vicious pronunciation, are not only provincialisms but archaisms also, and are to be found in our old English authors of various descriptions; but these terms are now no longer in general use, and are only to be heard in some remote province, where they have lingered, though actually dead to the language in general.

*Ut silva foliis pronos mutantur in annos
Prima cadunt, ita verborum vetus interit ætas.*—Hort.

In the explanation of provincial dialects, two circumstances are to be borne in mind,—first, the origin of the language from which the dialect sprang, and secondly, the various causes which contribute to form dialects. We shall offer a few observations on each of these points.

Britain is supposed to have been first peopled by the Celts, who emigrated from the east, and settled principally in Gaul, from whence a part emigrated to the British shores about 500 B.C. The Gaelic or Highland-Scotch language is perhaps the only genuine representative of the old British at present extant; although the Welsh, Cornish, Irish or Erse, Bretonian or that spoken in Brittany, and Manks or that spoken in the Isle of Man, are indebted to this source for the major part of their respective tongues, greatly modified however by Gothic and Scandinavian words.

The Cimbri, or Belgæ, were a race very nearly allied to the Celts, and invaded this country a little before the time of Cæsar, driving the Celts into the Highlands of Scotland and thence into Ireland, whence it happens that the Irish Paddy and the Highlander may drink their whiskey together at the present day without an interpreter. Then came the Romans, who possessed this country for upwards of 400 years, or until in fact the year 503, when they were finally recalled to defend their own capital from the invasion of the Goths, leaving the natives to defend themselves. These, however, being repeatedly attacked by the Picts or Scots (the old Celts), invited to their aid the Saxons, under Hengist Horsa, who perceiving the utter want of combination or government among their allies, soon found a sufficient pretext for the usurpation of the country. Fresh bands of Saxons from Holstein, in conjunction with the Frieslanders and Angles of South Jutland, continued to pour into the country, till at last they were sufficiently powerful entirely to expel the British—a part into Wales and Cornwall, and another part across the seas into Brittany in France. The Saxons settled to the south of the Thames, and the Angles to the north.

It appears then that three different races possessed this country previously to the invasion

of the Saxons,—viz., the Celts, the Cimbri, and the Romans; but the expulsion of the two former was so complete, and the evacuation by the latter so entire, that very few traces of their language are to be found in the present speech of this country.

The late learned Dr. Young observes that "at the union of the Heptarchy, the Saxon dialect prevailed, and the English, which nearly resembled the Danish of that time, was less in use; but new swarms of Danes having inundated the north of England, in 787, the Danish dialect was introduced by Canute and his followers; and it is about this period that our earliest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon are dated. The Saxon dialect again obtained the ascendancy under Edward the Confessor; and although some French was introduced by this prince, and still more by William the Conqueror, into the higher circles of society, the courts of law, and the schools, yet the use of the French language never became general among the lower classes, and the Saxon recovered much of its currency in the thirteenth century, when the cities and corporate towns rose into importance, under Edward the First. In the fourteenth century it was permanently established, with the modification it had received from the French, and it may be considered as truly English from this period, or even somewhat earlier."

In order therefore to arrive at the true origin of the English language, we must principally refer to the sources above mentioned, from whence this island was directly peopled in the first place, as well as to those affiliated northern languages which equally with the Saxon and English derive their origin from a Teutonic ancestry; for it often happens that the etymology of a word may be most unexpectedly elucidated by reference to these indirect sources, and the original etymology traced through a succession of metatheses and metamorphoses till it is found in its present form, or else a choice be offered of four or five words, from as many different northern tongues, all closely resembling the object of our search and as closely resembling one another. As instances of the affinity of the different members of the Gothic family we may adduce the noun Heaven, which in classical German, low Dutch, Danish and Norwegian is spelled Himmel; in Allemannish (720) and Swedish, Himel; Frieslandish, Hiemel; Dutch, Hemel; Icelandic, Himne; and Danish-Saxon, (880) Heofena. No one will doubt that the English word King is the same as the German König, the Danish Keong, and the Swedish Kung; or that these four languages are evidently referable to the same common ancestry:

English, I can as well ride as thou,
Swedish, Jag kan sa wal ridja som du,
Danish, Jeg kan saa wal ridje saam de,
German, Ich kan so wol reiten ala du.

Other causes, however, besides conquest, contribute to work a gradual change in the character of a language; as commerce, foreign travel, affectation, or the mere love of caprice. Exotic words and foreign idioms, first recommended perhaps by court fashion or some other incidental circumstance, as the literary reputation of the impostor or the clinquant of an anti-thesis, gradually permeate the whole mass of society till they become the naturalized denizens of the soil. Before the discovery of the art of printing and the diffusion of a literary taste through all ranks of society, this process was necessarily a slow one; and this may account for the few Latinisms introduced during the ages of monachism; but since books and readers have multiplied, like leaves "in Vallambrosa," the amount of these importations has vastly increased; and as a certain number of words only are necessary for the purpose of communica-

tion, a proportionate number of words has been dropped or discarded as old-fashioned, to make place for those of more modern origin which have been introduced in their stead.

The successive vicissitudes which the language of this country has undergone renders it no easy matter to assign the precise period when it assumed its present form, or when it can be said to have attained its greatest degree of perfection. We have already said that the present common form of speech may be dated about the time of Edward the Third, when mutual convenience accomplished a compound betwixt the French, which was the exclusive language of the nobles, courts of law, and acts of Parliament; and the Saxon, which was spoken by the inferior orders. In the reign of Elizabeth our language was enriched by an abundance of words borrowed from the Latin classics, but it is not generally considered to have arrived at its highest degree of refinement until the reign of Anne. The enlargement of science in all departments now rendered necessary a copious mintage of Hellenistic compounds, which, in progress of time, were applied in oblique and metaphorical senses to the common business of life, and thus found their way into the common speech; so that, to use the words of Professor Adelung, "The language only received its final cultivation at the time of the Reformation, and of the civil disturbances which followed that event; nor did it acquire its last polish till after the Revolution, when the authors who employed it elevated it to that high degree of excellence, of which, from its great copiousness, and the remarkable simplicity of its construction, it was peculiarly capable."

The changes which it subsequently underwent during the Georgian era, are scarcely to be considered radical, but rather resembled the slow molecular substitution of the different parts of an adult animal body, as compared with the rapid changes which take place during infancy. A certain number of effete and useless particles were, indeed, slowly removed and replaced by others more instinct with life; but identity was not affected by this process.

The formation of a dialect may be compared to the cultivation of a particular breed of animals, which is effected by breeding in and in, from individuals possessing any derived peculiarities in a remarkable degree, by which, in process of time, they become exaggerated to their most exalted extent, or until, in short, you acquire the race-horse and the common dray, the Italian greyhound and the common mastiff; animals as dissimilar from each other as almost any languages, or certainly as any dialects. In the present state of society, it is scarcely possible to imagine that the distinctive peculiarities of provincialism can long survive the free intercommunication of individuals, and the rapid inundation of cheap literature, which now brings home to every man's door the common standards of our language. If uniformity of habits and equalization of prices may be expected as the most certain results arising from railroad communication, established between all parts of the empire, why may we not, with equal reason, anticipate the reduction of our language to one common standard? For dialectal peculiarities are like the salient angles of a rough hewn stone, which, thrown among the pebbles of the beach, soon acquires their rounded form. To recur to our metaphor: the existent state of society may not unaptly be compared to the higher orders of animals, which are distinguished from the inferior classes, not so much by the complexity, as by the centralization of their organization, in consequence of which there is established a rapid and intimate sympathy between all the parts of the animal body. In the

lower orders, each part possesses an independent organism of its own, by virtue of which the separate parts are capable of an independent existence, or of reproducing lost parts, without involving the whole system in the act; so that the lobster can produce a claw, the newt an eye, and the turtle even survive its own decapitation, until sufficient time has been afforded for the healing of the wound. In the higher orders, however, this does not happen; but on the contrary, the least act of the most distant part is felt at the centre, and *vice versâ*: a common whitlow at the finger's point is sufficient to excite a high degree of constitutional fever.

We might adduce many illustrations to prove the efficacy of exclusion or absence of communication in tending to preserve the peculiarities of a dialect. Mr. Whiter, in the preface to his 'Etymologicon Magnum,' observes, that "the gipsy language, as it is now spoken, may perhaps be considered as the most ancient form of speech which is at present extant in the world. The causes by which the mutation of other languages has been effected, have not extended their influence to the fate and fortunes of the wandering gipsies; and with them only is preserved a faithful record of primeval speech." Dr. Young also observes, that "the gradations by which a language is likely to vary in a given time, seem to be, in some measure, dependent on the degree of cultivation of the language, and of the civilization of the people employing it;" so that "a few barbarians in the neighbourhood of Mount Caucasus and of the Caspian Sea, of modern origin, and ignorant of the art of writing, are divided into more nations, speaking peculiar languages, radically different from each other, than the whole of civilized Europe." The same observation is applicable to the North American Indians, who live in tribes at eternal enmity with each other. Thus China also, which, from its policy, interdicts all communication with other nations, has preserved its language, nearly unaltered, for a vast number of centuries.

We have already observed, that the different tribes which successively invaded this country took different positions: the Jutes, the south and south-western parts, the old Saxons the midland parts, and the Angles the northern parts of the empire; so that, according to Higden, the division of the Anglo-Saxon language in this country, so lately as 1350, into dialects, was so complete, that "the whole speech of the Northumbrians, especially Yorkshire, is so harsh and rude, that we southern men can hardly understand it."—(*Polyconicon ap. Gall. p. 210.*) Thus, also, "Chester, having been in great measure a separate jurisdiction till the days of Queen Elizabeth, had very little intercourse with the neighbouring counties; the principal families of the county, and much more those in a middle station of life, for the most part intermarried among each other, and rarely made connexions out of the county,—a practice which is recommended by the old Cheshire adage;† so that the original customs and manners, as well as the old language of the country, have received less changes and innovations than those of most other parts of England.—The inhabitants of Norfolk, too, living in an almost secluded part of England, surrounded, on three sides of it, by the sea, having little intercourse with the adjoining counties, have consequently retained, in a great measure, their ancient customs, manners, and languages, unchanged by a mixture with those of their neighbours."—(*Preface to Cheshire Glossary.*)

We have been induced to make these general observations, which apply to all dialects indif-

ferently, because they appear to us to have a peculiar applicability to the North of Devonshire, which, besides its remote situation and inaccessible and mountainous character, possesses few large towns—comparatively no commercial enterprise, and is cut off, on two sides, by the sea, from all communication from neighbours, and on a third, by the county of Cornwall, which, until these last fifty years, spoke a different language. From these circumstances, the dialectical peculiarities of the county are less innovated upon than perhaps any other county in England; and may still be said to exist, in a great state of purity, in several of the most sequestered villages.

As to the Glossary itself, we have neither much to commend nor much to blame. Upon the whole, it appears to be carefully executed, and the etymologies to have been carefully traced, without indulging too much conjecture on the one hand, or being too easily contented on the other. We observe many words which are certainly not peculiar to the county, included in the list, and could point out many more which have not been inserted, as well as many definitions which do not appear to us exactly to convey the ordinary acceptations in which the words to which they apply are colloquially employed; but, as these are the inevitable defects of a first attempt, we doubt not the author will correct them in a future edition. We think it decidedly inferior to the Glossaries of Moor, and Fosby, and Wilbraham, but superior to most others that we have seen; and, on the whole, we doubt not the work will become popular in the county to which it refers. The peculiarities of the dialect appear to us to consist chiefly in the conversion of the S into Z, the F into V, and the TH into D. The two former Italianize the language, and give it great softness. The archaisms are mostly derivations from the Anglo-Saxon, with a pretty considerable sprinkling of low Dutch, in consequence, it may be presumed, of the settlements of Flemish and Dutch manufacturers in the west of England in the reign of Edward III. The number of old British words are fewer than we should have expected, when the vicinity of the county to Wales and Cornwall is considered.

Damascus and Palmyra: a Journey to the East. With a Sketch of the State and Prospects of Syria under Ibrahim Pasha. By Charles G. Addison. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

Mr. Addison's own report of the contents of his book is briefly this:—"The first volume treats of the route to the coast of Syria, by way of Constantinople, and portrays the sad state of Greece, under Bavarian misrule, its impoverished condition and its desolate aspect, 'Fuit quondam Græcia, fuerunt in Græcia Athenæ; nunc neque Athenæ, neque in ipsâ Græciâ, Græcia est';—the antiquities and curiosities of 'the city of the Sultan' are described; and the route thence through the ancient Bithynia and Phrygia to Sardis, once the capital of the kingdom of Lydia, and to Magnesia, one of the most populous and wealthy of the oriental towns, but little visited by Europeans. The journey then proceeds through the Grecian islands to Rhodes, and Cyprus.

"The second volume commences with a description of Syria; of the range of Mount Lebanon and its inhabitants; of the camp of Ibrahim Pasha, and of the court and castle of the Emir Beshir, the prince of the Druses; of the ruins of Baalbec, and of the route to Damascus. This, the ancient capital of Syria, one of the wealthiest, and most populous, of oriental cities, has been scantily and insufficiently described by the few who have visited it.

"It was the author's fortune to visit Damascus

with a large party of his countrymen, to occupy for some weeks one of the handsomest villas in the environs, and to meet with many novel events and circumstances, which may prove, perhaps, not unamusing to the English reader.—Through the kindness of the British Consul General, and by means of his influence with a tribe of Bedouin Arabs who pasture their flocks in the desert bordering Damascus, he was enabled, with his companions, to make the excursion from Damascus across the desert to Palmyra."

Had this work professed to be a mere personal narrative, we might have allowed it to pass modestly for just what it was worth as a book of amusement. We should, perhaps, have observed, that Mr. Addison was an active, intelligent traveller, who had his eyes and ears open, and had made the most of a very limited sojourn in the several places visited. On the contrary, however, it is one of great pretension—two octavo volumes, of nearly 900 pages, stuffed full of dissertations and discussions on national policy, and so forth. It behoved us, therefore, to look somewhat more narrowly into the question of merit; and we have come to the conclusion, that knowledge, like reading and writing, *must* "come by nature;" and that, as all these profound speculations might just as well have been written before as after the journey, it is a pity that Mr. Addison threw away his time and money in so needless a preparation. For example, Mr. Addison is exceedingly eloquent on the imbecility of the Bavarian Greek government: he refers, as the reader may have observed, in his preface, to this part of his work, and informs the good easy public, that they will therein see "portrayed the sad state of Greece under Bavarian misrule, its impoverished condition, and its desolate aspect." Now, on referring to dates, it appears, that our traveller left Malta on the 21st of April; he steamed thence for Patras, sailed thence up the Gulf of Lepanto, making hurried excursions to Delphi, Crissa, Corinth, and other interesting localities—crossed the Isthmus, embarked for Ægina, thence proceeded to Athens, and lo, on the 9th of May! he had taken a final leave of Greece, and was once again ploughing the blue waters on his way to Smyrna. Yet nobody can be more alive to the absurdity of such "pourtrayings" than Mr. Addison: in proof, we subsequently find him making one of a steam-boat pleasure party from Smyrna to Beirut; on which occasion, some of his countrymen resolved to go as far as Jaffa, that they might ride across the country, and get a peep at Jerusalem: "and they will go home (he sarcastically observes) and talk with enthusiasm of their extensive travels, and of the various countries they have seen, with about as much advantage as if they had witnessed them in the exhibition of a panorama." Why, such talk may be very foolish, but surely it would not make the folly less, if they were to write a book about Jerusalem; yet the account of this same steam-boat excursion occupies no less than thirty pages in the work before us! All Mr. Addison's schoolboy recollections were refreshed, it appears, by the very names of the islands *passed*; and of Rhodes, where the party stopped for a single day, we have the history, in little, from the presumed foundation of the old city by Hippodamus, down to the conquest by Mohammed the Second; and this steaming trip is blazoned forth in the preface:—"The journey," he there observes, "then proceeds *through the Grecian islands* (!) to Rhodes and Cyprus." Having thus eked out, with a few illustrative facts, Mr. Addison's report of the contents of the first volume, and one-fourth of the second, we reach Damascus. There, it appears, he arrived on the 12th of October, and stopped till the 24th, when he

† It is better to marry over the mixen than over the moor—i. e. your neighbour's daughter rather than a stranger.

mounted his dromedary, and set forth for Palmyra. On the 9th of November we find him back again at Damascus; and then the work is brought to a conclusion, with an elaborate history of the city, and a sketch of the past and present state of Syria, after the fashion of that on the Bavarian-Greek government, which together occupy one hundred pages, and conclude the work.

Having said thus much, as in duty bound, and to satisfy our critical conscience, we willingly acknowledge that Mr. Addison has one great merit as a travelling companion—he is never dull or wearisome; and, considering his very limited means of observation, he has compiled a somewhat surprising narrative. We cannot, of course, occupy our space with any account of the regular turnpike route by which he proceeded to Smyrna, but must jump at once to Damascus. Here is a picture of the outward appearance of the city:

"The streets of Damascus are clean and tolerably paved. Most of those at a distance from the great thoroughfares are very dull, silent, and empty. The houses have externally a very mean appearance, presenting only a dead wall of sun-burnt brick towards the street, with one or two windows sometimes stuck at one corner of the building, sometimes at another, and generally covered with a thick lattice-work of wooden bars. There are no glass windows, and the cold air is excluded at night by a sliding shutter fastened by a wooden bolt of curious construction. In wet weather I am told the streets are dreadfully muddy, from the heavy rains which wash down the earthen walls. These would in fact be quickly consumed, did they not take care to thatch them with bushes and straw to throw off the wet.

"Damascus is celebrated for the number and elegance of its cafés, sherbet, and smoking shops, and certainly in that respect it is the Paris of the east. There are several large establishments of this kind in various parts of the town, but those on the banks of the Barrada, and under the shade of the trees in the outskirts of the city, are the most frequented; and some of them are certainly very pleasant and agreeable when compared with anything of the same kind to be met with in the east. The first offer on entering is that of a pipe or a cup of coffee; the coffee is poured out in little cups about the size of half an egg, dark and muddy; the liquid is not allowed to settle before it is drunk off, and as the Moslems take no sugar, the mixture is not very palatable to an European."

We shall now take a peep into one of the principal houses:—

"Accompanied by Mr. Farren's principal dragoon, a most gaily dressed, showy young Syrian, who speaks English beautifully, we proceeded to pay a visit to Assab Pasha, one of the principal men in Damascus, for the purpose of inspecting his very handsome house. When we arrived at the front of the mansion, we were surprised at the meanness of its appearance—at the walls of sunburnt brick, and the few miserable windows, stuck here and there without order or arrangement, possessing no glass, but covered in with a thick lattice formed of cross bars of wood. Great, however, was the contrast between the exterior of the house and the scene that presented itself when we passed through a door opened by a slave.

"We saw, to our surprise and pleasure, a spacious and magnificent court, paved with Dutch tiles and marble. In the centre of it was a large fountain, bubbling over into a cool, clear, circular reservoir of water filled with pet fish. Around this court extended a range of buildings one story high, of a pretty fantastic style of architecture, decorated with Moorish or Saracenic ornaments. At the upper end of the court was a grotto, or alcove, floored with various coloured marbles opening on the spacious arena, but elevated three steps above it. A rich figured divan extended around the walls, and the little secluded spot presented a cool and delightful smoking retreat, from whence the large court and the murmuring fountain were most agreeably surveyed.

"Seating ourselves on the soft luxurious divan, we were served with coffee. Some black slaves in scarlet dresses, with long white wands, then came to conduct us to see some of the apartments of the mansion and of the harem, the ladies of which were absent at a summer villa in the garden. The buildings on the western side of the court contained a succession of detached handsome rooms; the floors were covered with a thick matting, and the ceilings were painted in a beautiful manner, and with great taste. The walls were adorned with rich carving and gilding, and all around them, raised about a foot and a half from the floor, extended a divan covered with the rich figured mixed silk and cotton stuff of Damascus manufacture. The grand saloon or reception hall, on the ground floor, on the northern side of the court, in which strangers and visitors are received, was by far the finest apartment of the place. We first came into a square floor paved with different coloured marbles, having a fountain in the centre, and over head a handsomely painted and gilded ceiling. From this floor we ascended by steps to other raised floors, paved with marble and covered with a very handsome matting. Scrolls and different devices were painted around the walls, something in the Chinese style, and divans extended all around the apartment, placed against the wall."

On another occasion, they were offered refreshment:—

"Gilded bowls of sherbet were handed round, with slices of lemon and chopped almonds floating in it; then came a black slave, who held in his hands an embroidered handkerchief, which he just pressed to our lips when we had ceased drinking. The presence of the slaves was commanded by clapping the hands, as mentioned in the Arabian Nights. Cups of coffee were then handed round, which, according to custom, were first presented to Ali Aga, who waved them away with a graceful motion of the hand to his visitors."

Perhaps the most graphic scene in the volumes is an account of a dinner given to the Bedouin Sheikh who was to conduct the party to Palmyra:—

"The sun was now retiring behind the waving foliage of the gardens, and we were all assembled expecting the arrival of our Arabs. The whole party very shortly made their appearance, walking into the court-yard at slow and stately pace, with the Sheikh at their head, attending whom was his nephew, and a great African slave, six feet high, and black as Erebus. They mustered six in number, and as they approached, we rose to receive them; numerous were the salaams, the taiebs, and the salutations on the occasion. We motioned them to come into our hall or vestibule and be seated, but they preferred congregating round our large circular reservoir of water in the centre of the court, and curious was the scene that shortly ensued.

"Plunging their arms up to the elbow in the water, they began to wash and scrub themselves with great gravity; they then set to work with their beards, washing and combing them through with their fingers; they then dashed the water into their faces with the palms of their hands, sniffed it up their noses, and then putting their mouths over the gushing water-cocks from whence the water was wont to spout high up into the air, they squirted the water from their lips in all directions, with great energy and with strange noises;—you would have thought them a pack of school-boys at their gambols, but for their age and the gravity of their appearance.

"After watching their proceedings for some time, in hopes they would come and be seated, in order that we might have dinner, we were astonished to see them leisurely begin to wash and scrub their feet,—but enough. We at last got them into the room, and safely brought to an anchor on the mat, after much bowing and scraping, and placing of hands upon the breast, &c., and orders were immediately dispatched for the dinner to be brought in.

"Taking our seats on trunks, boxes, and baskets around the old door, which we had converted into a dinner table, we anxiously awaited the arrival of the repast.

"The sun had just set, and at this moment the Muezzin from the neighbouring mosque of Salahieh chanted the first adan or call to prayer, and up got

our Arabs,—their abbaahs or loose outer cloaks were taken off and cast upon the ground, and then a discussion arose as to where was the east, and which was the direction of Mecca; this point being settled, they turned their faces the right way, placed their bared feet close together, folded their hands with grave and composed looks, in front of them, and began to mutter several pious ejaculations.

"In the meantime, the dinner arrived, and we all sat in silence anxiously regarding them, and much chagrined to see that the dinner was likely to get cold, and that praying instead of eating was, for the present, to be the order of the day. They held up the palms of their hands before their eyes, looking at them steadfastly and composedly for a short period; they then put them up to their heads, spreading the palms out on either side, and keeping their thumbs close to their ears, muttering to themselves, then stooping down and placing their hands upon their knees, they ejaculated with more energy; thus they continued slowly rising and stooping, now lifting their hands to their heads, now placing them again on their knees. After sundry obeisances in this fashion, our Arabs went down upon their knees one by one, and successively touched the ground with their foreheads; they then set back upon their heels, folded their hands, and seemed lost in a fit of religious meditation.

"Not knowing how long this would last, some of the party suggested the propriety of beginning dinner before the meat was cold. This, however, was overruled by the more prudent, who remarked, that we were entertaining a Bedouin Sheikh, a man of consequence and authority. • •

"To return to our Bedouins. At the expiration of about a quarter of an hour, we were delighted to observe that their prayers were finished, and to see them gathering around the pilaff, which had been brought in an immense cauldron about the size of a small copper, and which was placed on the raised part of the floor close to our temporary table; the six Bedouins immediately squatted round it, with their legs under them, and without waiting for grace or any signal of commencement to be given by us, thrust their hands into the pot, and shortly buried their arms in the rice almost up to the elbow, stirring the composition round and round, when their eyes being attracted by the little bits of meat mixed up with the rice, a demur immediately took place about the appearance of the flesh, and we were made acquainted with a suspicion that had arisen in their minds that we had put pork into the composition, which, being in their estimation unclean, would have defiled the whole, and they began to look blank at the very idea, fearing lest they should lose their dinner. On being positively assured, however, to the contrary, six enormous handfuls rose into the air, and being well squeezed and matted together, were rolled round into a ball, and popped into their mouths. The stirring, pounding, and squeezing of the rice went on till all disappeared, when our guests looked at the cauldron, and then at their fingers, in the most expressive manner. We hurried off a messenger into the kitchen, knowing well that among the Arabs themselves it is, and very properly, the greatest disgrace if a guest is allowed to remain hungry; the individual at whose tent such a dreadful occurrence has taken place being ever after jeered at as the man who allowed his guest to lie down hungry to rest.

"It was to our great satisfaction, therefore, that an enormous dish of mutton cutlets made their appearance, the half of a sheep that had just been laid in by the cook for the next two days' provender, and a large basket full of bread. The cutlets seemed to excite infinite admiration and amusement; and after being surveyed for some time, and turned round and held up between them and the light, and smelled at, to see that they were not pork, a sudden dart was made at the bread, and these too entirely disappeared. We began now to feel rather uneasy, but happily bethought ourselves of an omelet, for which the cook was celebrated, and sent into the kitchen for a large basket of eggs that had been purchased in the morning to be put into requisition, and messengers to be dispatched for any others that could be procured in the village. This, too, made its appearance with unexpected rapidity. (The Arab cook having estimated the appetites of our guests much

more correctly than ourselves). Two minutes, however, sufficed to make a complete finish of the omelet, and in utter amazement, we hurried off servants to purchase whatever provisions they could find in the bazaar of Salabieh, who shortly returned with a large basket of grapes and radishes and piles of bread; upon this fare we choked them off, and before the grapes were finished, they one by one began to lick their fingers and look satisfied."

We must complete this picture by a sketch of the Bedouin women met with in the city:—

"In running about the bazaar this morning, we have been highly amused with the appearance of the wild Arab women of the Bagdad caravan, the children of the desert. Some were seen with a hole bored in their noses, through which a silver stud was passed, others had a point of silver extending from the forehead to the nose, to which were attached several beads; the lips of these ladies were stained blue, and blue marks imprinted on their cheeks, their arms, their foreheads, and their necks, together with their dark swarthy features, gave them a peculiarly savage appearance. They were dressed in a long loose blue cotton skirt: and without veils, they gazed wildly and with astonishment at everything around them."

Hereafter we shall accompany Mr. Addison on his trip to Palmyra.

Aristotle's Politics.—[*Politique d'Aristote traduite en Français, par J. B. St.-Hilaire*. Paris, à l'Imprimerie Royale; London, Kernot.

Two centuries ago, the publication of this work would have excited the earnest attention of every literary circle in Europe; Aristotle then reigned the undisputed autocrat of human intelligence; Catholics and Protestants, Christians and Mohammedans, united to do him reverence—the Popes supported his claims, as if he had been the first saint in their Calendar, Kings were eager to proclaim themselves his disciples, and a French Parliament prohibited any contradiction of his doctrines under pain of death.* The philosopher sunk under such an accumulation of patronage: he was placed in a position, by the blind zeal of his followers, which made his own precepts become the means of his overthrow; he, the most daring innovator in science, was placed in the front of the battle against innovation; he, the author of progress, was made the champion of immobility. The Reformers of science, Bacon, Newton, Leibnitz, and Locke, assailed the Stagirite, and seemed to consider the overthrow of his power as essential to the very existence of truth. Leibnitz alone felt a momentary compunction; and when he revealed to the world his discovery of the integral calculus, declared, that reconciliation between the venerable Stagirite and modern science was not wholly impossible.

In our days, when the history of philosophy began, for the first time, to be regarded as an essential part of philosophy itself, it was impossible that the high claims of Aristotle should remain long unnoticed—it was evident, that he who had been, for nearly two thousand years, the instructor of the world in natural, physical, mental, and moral science, deserved not "to rest in cold obstruction." A doctrine which had ruled over so many various religions, scholastic sects, ages, and nations, which had triumphed over all their rivalries, and joined them in the unity of a common philosophic faith, was one whose claims to attention could never die.

Impressed with such feelings, we received with pleasure the announcement that a complete translation and revised edition of his works would be undertaken under the patronage of the French government, especially as the task was assigned to M. St.-Hilaire, long known to us as

* See De Launoy, 'De varia Aristotelis fortuna in Academiâ Parisiensî,' La Haye, 1656.

a sound scholar and judicious critic. The expectations we formed have not been disappointed by the livraisons before us; they contain the celebrated treatise on Politics, in which the philosopher has carefully investigated and discriminated the principles of civil government, and pointed out all the elements of constitutional freedom. There is, perhaps, no one of Aristotle's works more strongly marked by the peculiar features of his philosophy than the Politics: it exhibits his rigorous classification, his concise and logical reasoning, and his extraordinary powers of method and arrangement. Among the subjects he discusses, we may notice, the importance of the middle classes in a state, the political influence of education, and the possibility of constituting such a state of society as that proposed by Mr. Owen.

It would be impossible, in our limits, to enter on an analysis of this work, which must be attentively studied by all who desire to make themselves acquainted with the nature of the governments of ancient Greece. We shall therefore merely say, that the translation is equally spirited and faithful. We dissent from the economic principles maintained by M. St.-Hilaire in some of his notes, but the discussion of them at present would be unprofitable.

Narrative of the Residence of the Persian Princes in London, &c. By James Baillie Fraser, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

WE promised to return to the Persian Princes at Vauxhall. The tawdry open-air gaiety of this well accustomed place, with its burlesque farces, and its rope-dancing ("so like to their own *bom baze*," and Madame Hengler's wonders in blue and green fire, proved far more acceptable to their tastes than the aristocratic magnificence of the King's Theatre. Mr. Fraser is disposed, we think, to bear a little hard upon them, for their indifference to the gathering of useful knowledge. When a tour through the manufacturing districts was talked of,—“it is all very well,” the Prince would say, “but what good will it do me to look at those great wheels, and to see how they make cloth or thread, while all my poor family are, perhaps, in want of bread?” We cannot wonder that, situated as they were, they became listless, dispirited, anxious to hear from Persia, and to arrange their future plans. In the meantime, London by night, with its long perspective of lamps, never lost its charm for them. A visit to the Thames Tunnel was a pleasure in which terror predominated over satisfaction. When convinced of the fact that they were in reality beneath the bed of the Thames, “the Wali exclaimed, ‘Eh! and perhaps it may burst down upon us and drown us! let us be off;’ and off they all set, after a very cursory examination of the place.”

On their way to this work,—so favourite a sight with most foreigners,—the Princes had stopped to look at a collection of pictures; Timour Meerza's criticism was new, and quite as pertinent as many to be heard in society, and to be read in books. “One of the company having praised the execution of the sky in a certain picture, ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘he must know well how to paint the sky, seeing that he lives so near it;’ the studio was at the very top of the house, which was a high one, and the prince had been almost wearied in ascending to it.”

After a short further suspense, their hearts were gladdened by the arrival of letters from Persia. By these they were informed, that though the Shah had mulcted certain members of their families, and that heavily, they were not likely, on their return home, to be shocked by the absence of familiar ears, noses, eyes, or heads. The tidings of deaths among their kin-

dred, which also arrived, did not appear to afflict them deeply, though Timour Meerza spoke of one of the children, recently deceased, as being “beautiful as the full moon.” But it may be pleaded, that a parent's heart, though a large thing, whether in Persia or old England, is not exactly like the tent of Pari-banou,—that the hundred-and-seventieth part of his affection cannot be so great as the eighth, or at most the sixteenth, which a British father has to bestow on his children.

On the day following the arrival of these letters, the Princes were taken to a military show on the Medway, to witness the operation of throwing pontoon-bridges, and the crossing of a body of troops with remarkable rapidity.

“‘*Ham-en ust? en che cheeze ust?*’—Is this all? is this what it amounts to?” was the remark of the elder, when the movement was completed. “‘*Eh! cheeze pouch ust?*—it is a paltry affair,” echoed Timour; “we can do at least as well as that in Persia.”—“Can you?” said I; “as how, prince?”—“Why,” replied he, “when we have to cross a river with an army, all we do is to kill a thousand sheep or goats, blow up their skins, form them into rafts, covered with branches of trees and earth, and, *Bismillah!* over we go.”

A bottle of eau-de-Cologne, offered by a friendly lady, did something to revive the Prince, while his younger brother was enchanted, on their return toward, by their beating the Tally-ho coach. But “the full *Dil-goush*—the opening of the heart,” of which, as they phrased it, “one dies of pleasure,” was enjoyed by them on the following day, when they partook of a dinner at a friend's villa at Putney.

“But they preferred looking at the water to going upon it; for, when invited to enter a wherry and enjoy a row up the river a little way before dinner, they shrunk back, and the Wali said, ‘No, no,—no good, no good,—I no boat, no more boat, no more *Biscay!*’ At length, however, they were persuaded to step in; and, after getting over their fears of the boat's upsetting, they could admire the view around them, and the delightful shade of the trees on either side: then it was that their exclamations of pleasure broke forth; ‘Ah! there is the spot for us, there, just under these trees: now, a carpet on the grass, and plenty of good wine,—that is the way we should do in Persia; all night there now.’”

Windsor, too, was a treat of the highest order; though, perhaps, not unaccompanied with humiliation, if they contrasted the tinsel and cut-glass decorations of their own royal residences, with its solid magnificence. The great hall of St. George “met with but languid applause”; but the tapestry was pronounced “more wonderful than anything they had seen yet,—more wonderful even than London”—the panorama at the Colosseum. After this the Princes drove through the park to Virginia Water.

“It was with the fishing station, however, the Chinese house and the tents, and the sweet shaven lawn and gardens, that they were most enchanted. ‘Ah!’ exclaimed the eldest, ‘this is what we Persians delight in; here are our own roses! Look, Wali, look, Timour Meerza—just see here! *At-Wahi, at-Wahi!* The smell goes to my very heart;’ and away they all ran, and hurried from bush to bush, petting each rose as if it were a living favourite. ‘Ah! now is just the time when we should be coming out from the *anderson*, to sit upon the green grass and take our wine. Here we should have the *saz*, (musical instruments), and there we should seat ourselves. Come, Saheb Fraser; come here, and sit down Persian fashion!’ and down squatted the prince without more ado, pulling me down after him. ‘Alas! alas!’ chimed in the Wali; ‘just so did I use to do in the jungles of Behbahan, when I was taking an army of fifteen thousand foot and five thousand horse against the Buchtiarees. *At-Wahi!* how the day did pass! And then we would get a lamb or a kid, and cut him up upon the spot, and have such kebabs. *Behisht!* it was paradise!’”

“Such a country! such fruits! such grapes! you might then have had as much as an ass could carry

of the finest *asherees* (stoneless, or sultana) grapes for two-pence. I was once encamped with ten thousand men in a place—such a place! but it was an enemy's country, where it was our duty to destroy things, you know,—and destroy we did. How every man revelled in grapes! he gave them to his horse, he trampled them under foot; and we stayed there many days. *Wallah! billah!* by all that is good, when we left it you would have said that, except just where we stood, there had not been a bunch touched."

For the next few pages—"the story of the *Khirs-e-Dushmunezaree*" leads us only through theatres and drawing-rooms, where the Princes looked unutterable things towards their lady friends, and repaid good-humoured smiles by glorious compliments;—the Wali, in writing, for he possessed the gift of verse-making, and would sit down frequently and pen "posies" for the high-born beauties round him, with much self-exaltation in his own clever doings. But it is the habit of Persian verse-wrights to speak their vanity aloud.

We mentioned, a week ago, that Timour loved to talk of his field exploits. Here is a tale of his prowess, told by this jovial prince at a dinner party.

"Some observations arose on the difficulty of taming lions, and the danger of keeping them as pets. 'I had a strong proof of that myself,' said Timour; 'for I had once a pet lion, which I kept till it was between two and three years old. It was quiet enough, because it got enough to eat: but, having heard that no lion can bear to be disturbed while at food, I was determined to try the experiment; and one day, when it was eating, I went and caught it by the tail and drew it away from its meal. The lion turned round in a great passion, whisked his tail out of my hand, and tried to get a hold of me with his teeth. I got him by the throat to preserve myself, and then we began a wrestling match. He got me under, and I began to think it was all over with me, but I still kept my gripe of his throat, and that began to tell; for, when he was half strangled, he fell, and I got on the top of him, and began to kick and beat him as well as I could. There was luckily a stick within reach, and, getting hold of it, I belaboured him till I was tired and he was completely cowed; and ever from that time he knew his master, and trembled when he saw me, whether at meals or not."

The elder Prince, too, would sometimes, when at home, beguile the time, otherwise given to sleeping or the eating of dainties strange to Mivart's correct domain, by recalling his past pleasures, and descending upon the mode of royal life in Persia. We shall make a long step forward, for the sake of some of his anecdotes concerning the old Shah, when living with his immense family about him.

"There is always," said he, "a large ante-room beyond that in which the Shah sits, when he comes from the women's apartments; it is called the *Tumbel-khaneh*, or lounging-room, because all those in waiting here lounged and lolled at their ease; and there was a certain lady, one of his majesty's wives, named Sumbol Khanum, who had charge of it, and was therefore called *Malikhe-e-Tumbel-khaneh*, or mistress of the lounging-room. Here all the princes used to assemble until the king made his appearance in the chamber of reception and of eating. Here too is the haunt of the *Gholam-batchehs*, or pages, who are always full of mischief, with their demure countenances, and delight to play tricks on the princes who come here,—such as stealing their slippers, hiding their cloaks, and so on,—knowing that there is little fear of detection or punishment.

"The king, when he issued forth, used to utter a loud *Yah ulah!* which was well known to us all; and his majesty was always preceded by six peishkhidnuts carrying silver candlesticks, and attended by a crowd of menials of all sorts."

The duty of these peishkhidnuts is not so easy as that of a northern dish or torch-bearer would be: they must understand the question of precedence among the guests whom they serve; and "there is a form" in their very attitudes, entrances, and exits.

"I remember," said the Prince, "a laughable accident, connected with this duty, which happened at Sheerauz, in the presence of my late father, the Firmaun Firmaee. An entertainment had been given to his royal highness by a Moollah of that place, and great preparations had been made for it. The hour had arrived; the Firmaun Firmaee had taken his seat, the cloth was spread, the candles ranged in order, and nothing remained wanting but the food. It is the custom, when a private individual entertains a prince, that he brings in the first dish or tray himself, and sets it before his guest. Now the Moollah was old and little, and on this occasion the tray was large and heavily loaded with good things; but bring it in he would, and in the proper style too. So in he walked, half-lid behind his great *douree*, and advanced with all due solemnity to the upper end of the room, where sat the Firmaun Firmaee. '*Afereen, afereen!* bravo, bravo!' said my father as the old man approached; but, before he reached the place, the weight became too much for him, the tray began to totter, and finding it going, yet resolved not to relinquish his hold, he called out, 'Ai Firmaun Firmaee! ai Firmaun Firmaee! help, help! or it will all be over upon you; upon which, my father, who saw what was coming, jumped up like a deer, and caught the tray so cleverly, that not a thing was spilt between them: they set it down safely, and a hearty laugh we all had at the affair, in spite of our respect for my father; but the poor Moollah was sadly ashamed and out of countenance.

"But there was a still more ludicrous occurrence happened in the presence of several of the princes who were entertained by a friend of mine. He was a Khan of high rank, and prided himself upon the excellence and good arrangement of his establishment. His head peishkhidnut was a very respectable man, and a most important personage, with a beard almost as long as that of Futeh Allee Shah himself. In bringing in the dinner, this peishkhidnut carried the tray that was to be placed before the elder princes; and as he advanced, and knelt down to set it on the cloth, one of the candles, which had been wrong placed, and which his burthen prevented him from seeing, set his fine beard in a blaze. What was to be done? Throw down the tray, he could not; that would have ruined his character for ever; and yet, to place his burthen on the cloth with due decorum, with his beard burning all the time, how was that to be managed? There was a large bowl of *mas*, or sour milk, in the tray, for eating with the pillaws and vegetables; and into this, with admirable presence of mind, by a motion of his head he dipped his flaming beard at the same time he set down the dish; and, recovering himself, stood up in the proper attitude of respect, with the *mas* streaming from his chin. All burst out into a laugh, but the man stood perfectly grave and unmoved; and the elder prince exclaimed, '*Afereen, afereen!* well done, well done, such a one! your face is white this day. By your head! Khan, that man deserves a *khelut*, and a *khelut* he shall have."

After the banquet come the royal sports; and the Prince described glowingly the pretty pleasures interchanged between the Shah and the ladies of his paradise.

"Then it was often his majesty's custom to send for cards, at which he played with the princes, contriving always to win. It was a rule on such occasions, that, whatever money was staked, ten per cent. of it went as a *droit* to the king, who used to put it in a large vessel of green agate, in the shape of a duck with an opening in its belly. Thus, independent of the bets he always made, and which his opponents were too good courtiers to win, by frequent changing from one hand to another, the coin must all, sooner or later, go into the maw of this voracious duck; and then, when his majesty had cleaned them all out,—some losing two hundred tomons, others five hundred, and some a thousand,—the old gentleman would crow over them; and, shaking and weighing this same duck in his hands, would exclaim with a loud chuckle, 'Aha! the king's bird has been fortunate to-night, it has gained a grand victory; *Mashallah!* the king's luck is high!' and then off would all the poor fellows go with their fingers in their mouths, leaving his majesty highly contented with his plunder."

And here, as we have given specimens of the powers shown by Timour and the Prince in the Oriental art of tale-telling, we shall let the Wali amuse our readers too, it being but fair to give a hearing to the literary man of the group. The *apropos* of the following anecdote arose at one of Lady C's *menageries*. The hostess selected Timour for her cavalier to the supper-table: "Burn the old lady!" exclaimed the free-spoken lover of war and women, "what made her fix upon me?"—and upon the attention of the more fortunate Wali being called to this distressing circumstance, he took advantage thereof to amuse his young and beautiful partner with an apology.

"In the time of Huzur Moossa (the prophet Moses), said he, there was an old woman, a widow, whose years exceeded a hundred, and she had been long dumb from very age; but she still insisted on guiding her family, and kept all her children, who amounted to forty or fifty, locked up in cages in her house, so that they could not go out and enjoy themselves. Wary, at length, of their confinement, they applied to Moses, and besought him to pray to God to have their old mother removed, that they might have their turn of enjoyment. 'That can be done,' replied Moses; 'but say, shall I not rather offer her the choice of another husband?' The children scoffed at this idea; but the old woman, in whose presence this passed, got into a furious passion, and her tongue, which had been still for years, got into play at the very mention of another husband. 'You wretched wretches!' she exclaimed, 'would you interfere with the favour of the prophet of God towards me, and prevent me from enjoying the good he offers?'

But curious as it is to be introduced by such ushers, as it were, behind the stately "mother-of-pearl screen" of Oriental life, we shall return from this home gossip, to the doings of the Princes in a strange land. The Diorama comes next on the list of shows, and stands all but the highest, as having given pleasure; well, indeed, might the Wali "mutter, in a whining voice, '*Cheme da'num!*—What do I know!' when he witnessed the miracles wrought by M. Bouton on his pictures of the village of Alagna and the interior of Santa Croce. But the wax-work exhibition of Madame Tussaud was the wonder of wonders,—whereby the Wali and Timour were so intensely enchanted, that they could not resist the temptation of playing "*Dadaish*" (the familiar name for the elder brother) a trick. He had remained at home that morning, but in the evening was going to the "*Malikhe's Durbar*"—*Anglicè*, a party given by the Duchess of Kent;—and his younger brothers resolved to mystify him, by presenting him first to "their Majesties in wax," under false pretences.

"I dined with them to-day, that I might keep them in order as to time; and the two younger ones were full of anxiety for the success of their intended joke. Accordingly, a little after eight, out we sallied, the elder prince in the full assurance that he was about to be presented to the veritable Princess Victoria, future Queen of England. The wax-work exhibition is lighted up every evening, the knowledge of which, in fact, first suggested the idea of the joke, and the room is spacious and good; but I must own that the entrance did not much savour of the splendour of royalty, nor would the bills of Madame Tussaud have appeared to practised eyes as perfectly suitable *affiches* to the gates of an English princess, any more than the drawings of soda-water and effervescing lemonade bottles, and the rows of bottles themselves, could be held apposite appendages to the table of her ante-room. Past these, however, we hurried his royal highness, and on we went. I ran up-stairs as if to announce their arrival; in fact, to pay the admission money. The prince thought that all was properly prepared, and followed without demur. The entrance to the drawing-room was certainly somewhat of the strangest; but he passed it, nothing doubting, or at least nothing saying. The blaze of lights within, and the number of living and

moving figures intermingled with those of wax, aided the deception, although they were not exactly such either in garb or appearance as were likely to frequent the chambers of kings; but we hurried him through the glittering moving scene to the group which represents the coronation of our gracious sovereign, William the Fourth. 'There—there is the king himself!' said I; 'make your obeisance there:' and the poor bewildered prince was in the act of making the *serferoo*, or usual bow made to royalty, when I stopped him. It was enough; to have gone further would have been inexcusable: and his brothers, who had remained behind, now coming up, and laughing, a full explanation took place, which at first he hardly knew how to receive; but at length, after good-humouredly abusing me for the trick, he laughed with the rest, and began to examine the show, which he had been so unexpectedly cheated into seeing.

"It was then a re-acting of the morning scene; but his astonishment at the figure of Madame Tussaud was past all control: like his brothers, he started at seeing the spectacles so immovably fixed on the old nose, and, after eyeing it humorously for a while, he walked round it in a semicircle, like a magpie round a trap, as if still expecting it to move. 'It is a living thing,' said he at last; 'but no, it has no motion. To khodah—what is it?' and going very gingerly up to it, he put forth his hand and touched the cheek; then retreating. 'It is wax,' said he, and was going away as if satisfied apparently; but a lingering doubt, which, however, he was ashamed to betray, brought him slyly back, as we went on; and, on turning, we saw him go up with a more determined air, and take hold of the little finger: 'Belli—yes,' said he, on seeing himself detected, 'it really is wax.' All the people in the room had clustered around us while this scene was going on, and their amusement at the poor prince's uncertainty was excessive."

The account of the real introduction to the then her apparent and her mother, is not half so amusing as the above. A notice of a visit to the Arsenal at Woolwich succeeds. Here,—

"One of the things which struck them most was a set of harness complete, in piles, for ten thousand horses. The bridles hanging from the roof, with the bright curb-chains depending below the rest, resembled an immense quantity of crystal pendants. In fact, one of the princes was deceived by their appearance, and called out, 'What! are these *chehel cherdghs*? (chandeliers, or lustres.)' On being informed what they were, Timour Meerza eyed them with a kneerer glance of delight, and exclaimed, 'Ah, to be sure! worth a thousand *chehel cherdghs*; send them to the ball-rooms, and let me have these.'"

"The prince asked to look at one of the men's knapsacks, which was immediately opened for his inspection. Astonished at the number of articles it contained, and the compactness with which they were put up, he exclaimed, 'Afereen! this is equal to a whole Persian house!'

"But seeing a Bible and Prayer-book among other things, and being told what they were, he said, 'What has a soldier to do with these?' I was not sorry that he should witness this proof of our regard for our religion,—a point in which, from the little parade we make of it, the Persians think us deficient,—and accordingly I replied, 'What, prince! is a soldier then not to fear God?' 'You are right,' said he; 'it is very proper;' adding in English, 'very good, very good.'

"One of the most interesting parts of the spectacle yet remained. It had been most considerably arranged, that, in order to gratify their royal highnesses to the full, and to show them what British artillery was, there should be a review in the evening expressly for this purpose.—It was on such occasions that the elder prince felt himself in his own element, and manifested by his bearing and demeanour his innate title to respect and command. You saw that they were familiar to him; his *maintien* was truly princely; and he received the salutes of the troops and their officers, as they marched past, with a courtesy and grace, and yet with a dignity, that could not be surpassed."

"Accustomed as the princes, and I may say myself, were to riding, the exertion of some good hard

galloping after a considerable period of disuse, and to them particularly, unprovided with their usual riding gear, was not inconsiderable, and our muscles were all a little sore. Yet, when on their horses, they felt themselves at home; and the remembrance of former days excited Timour so much, that he set off more than once at speed, and, drawing his sword, gave the crowd that followed us a small specimen of the Persian cavalry exercise. He ran at his brother, who fled, as was his part; and, when overtaken, threw himself out of the saddle on the other side. 'He is off! the prince is off!' cried one of the men. 'Not at all; make yourself quite easy,' said I, laughing; 'you don't know Persian riding: he is only *showing off*; he would pick up a pin from the road at speed, in the way you saw just now.' Accordingly, scarce had the words passed my lips, when the prince was in his seat again, having hung on by the leg all the time; and he laughed heartily when I told him what the soldier had said; as for the man, he looked quite astounded at the thing."

But we must come to an end of these London *notanda*, having drawn from Mr. Fraser's pages so many of the most distinctive traits of nationality, that we can only further extract a parting scene. Mr. Fraser, it should be premised, had been appointed by the British government to escort the distinguished strangers as far as Constantinople, on their return to Baghdad, where, it was hoped, that they would be allowed to rejoin their families, and remain unmolested. The business of removing the Princes, home-sick and impatient to depart, was an easy one: it was not so, however, with their establishment."

"One of the greatest plagues the princes had been tensed with during their stay in London, was their Persian servants. They had been of little use; and, being constrained by no feelings of dignity or self-respect, had got into bad habits, and more than once into scrapes. At length, first one, and then the other, declared they would not leave London, to go wandering about, or return back to Persia or Arabia. London was a very good place, they said; and there they should remain. Now, one of these worthies was by trade a tailor, the other a cook; and their habits were as different as their professions. Tuckey, the cook, loved the English ale; beer was rather too weak for his stomach; and of this favourite beverage he took so much and so constantly that there were few days in which he was not fuddled: how then could he quit dear London and its good liquor? The tailor, on the other hand, was a man for the ladies,—fond of the fair sex, although certainly his gloomy countenance and coarse figure would not, *a priori*, have seemed likely to captivate many of them: he, however, was not the less susceptible; and, having found some kind dame or dames to listen to his sighs, how could he leave London and its fair ones? He declared he would not: that he had entered into engagements with a master of his own craft, by which he was to get board, lodging, and good wages.—As for the cook, he stood by the ale; he had made no treaty,—entered into no articles but with his own stomach; but these were sufficient, he was equally obstinate. Time at length pressed, and the two recusants were ordered up to the presence; but both were found equally resolute in their determination,—give them a thousand toman apiece, go they would not. The princes were infinitely embarrassed; they did not like to leave the men: what were the foolish creatures to do when they came to their senses, and found themselves adrift and helpless in a strange land? Besides, it would affect their own good name. They knew full well the tricks of their countrymen; these fellows would tell lies, and say that they, the princes, had brought them to England for their own convenience, and then turned them adrift to starve. The idea of such a slander was not to be endured. The affair had been canvassed long before, and my advice had been, that they should let the fellows go and shift for themselves.—But the prince had not enough of firmness to follow this advice; he feared they would get into scrapes, and that his name would be unpleasantly and degradingly brought into notice. The men, therefore, went on in their ways, and this was the result. I told them the affair must be decided by the next morning, as the men must start by noon in order to be in time for the next Mediterranean

packet; and the princes, together with the Meerza, had a stout night of expostulation and entreaty; their royal highnesses weakly expecting to succeed by the last with men who were reckless and headstrong, or had a point to gain, when more decided language had failed of effect. That night I was told, 'all was right,' they would go; the next morning, that 'all was wrong,' they would not go. Then, next, they were like buckets in a well,—when one was on, the other went off; and so the time was wasted till the hour had almost come. I told them now or never was the moment: time, tide, and steam waited for no man. I then found that money was the cry,—pay them their wages, and they would go. The princes wished to comply with the demand, and I produced the money. 'Take it,' said I to them, 'if that is what you want, and then get into the coach which is at the door.' So to it they went again,—princes, followers, and the poor Meerza, who had a sad time of it between the two parties. As for me, I merely stood aloof, watch in hand, to call 'time!' At length all appeared to be settled,—I believe a bribe had been resorted to; and sulkily and slowly did the fellows go to get their 'traps,' and I accompanied the tailor upstairs to quicken his motions, and for fear of his slipping through my fingers. Having seen his things thrown into the coach, and himself getting after them, I ran back to look after the cook. He had eloped, and was nowhere to be found. All the house was searched, but no Tuckey. 'I dare say he is in the kitchen, sir,' said one of the waiters: 'I'll go and see.' I followed to rouse him out, when, in threading a long passage on the way, I heard the brogue of dear Iran in a whining and growling key, and soon after recognised the voice of the Meerza remonstrating with some one. It was with the unlucky cook, who we believed had gone to collect his things, but who had quietly gone to the bath-room to take a warm bath, while we were cooling our heels upstairs; and the Meerza, by mere accident, in the course of his search had found him stripped and stepping in. My patience, both from feeling and on principle, was at an end, and I let Master Tuckey see it. I was fortunately able to delaminate him out a good dose of his own country's deplorable abuse, which I enforced with several emphatic shakes by the neck, and something very nearly approaching to a kick or two. Tuckey saw it would not do; so he gave up the bath and dressed, grumbling and at! *Moosulmaun*—ing it, seemingly quite astounded, but also quite convinced, by this demonstration of English vigour. But I did not lose sight of him; he had his things yet to get, and up I went with him to the garret. On the way he bolted from me into the princes' room, where he began roaring and bewailing himself, and fell at the feet of the elder, lamenting his hard fate in being separated from the master whom, not ten minutes before, he had insisted obstinately and insolently upon quitting. 'He was torn away from him,—from his dear master,' he said. 'God knew if he should ever see him more. You go by land,' said he; 'I, *kumbucht*!—unlucky dog! must go by water. You go to Constantinople, I to Falmouth! Where is the one, and where the other? *di Wahi! ai Wahi!* and so he went on, blubbering and kissing the prince's feet, till I was forced once more to interfere, declaring that there was not time for such displays. A little more '*douce violence*,' however, was required to get him upon his legs, and I let him out of the room staggering and reeling, as much I think from drink as from grief; and then I had another scene upstairs, where, when he arrived, instead of at once bundling up his things, he threw himself down on the bed in a passion of tears."

"At length I got him down stairs, guarding well the door of the room where the princes sat. But not so was he to pass the door of the sanctum within which sat the good Miss M—, who assailed him with much misplaced kindness, and tendered him what he liked far better—a large bumper of rum. Tuckey blubbered and drank; it soothed his deep distress: he shook hands with his late companions, gave another howl of distress, and entered the coach. When I got there, my other bird had fled. The buckets in the well again! Not daring to leave my prize, I begged the Meerza to go for the stray bird, who at length was caught: the door closed upon them; and, after giving the servant who was to ac-

company them strict charge not to let them out until he took them on board the Falmouth steamer, I had the satisfaction to see them drive off.

"Perhaps you may imagine that now the affair was terminated: not at all. In two hours after, when I returned to the hotel, I found all in confusion again. The tailor had returned on our hands, and the packet had doubtless sailed without him. Here was a pretty business! From his account it appeared that, when he had got down nearly to the vessel, he had missed a cloak, or something, and turned back to get it. It was no easy matter to discover who was in fault; nor was the doubt cleared up by the arrival of the servant, who swore that the man, when he attempted to stop him from getting out, got furious, and even drew his knife upon him; so what could he do?—and what had I left to do but to abuse the man, and swear that he should pay the tailor's fare to Falmouth, whither of course he must be sent with all speed by that evening's mail? But this was managed by the party at Mivart's themselves, for I declared I would have nothing more to do with the matter,—the man might go, or stay, for me. He was sent, however; and so the business ended."

The second volume contains details no less amusing than those which have been here given; we may, or may not, return to it, as time and space permit. But we cannot leave the three brothers to their terrors of the sea, and the difficulties of their land journey, without regret; for we have not often entertained in our library, guests more to our mind than the Prince, the Wali, and Timour Meerza, lion and killer of lions.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Excursions in Italy, by C. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. 2 vols.—*South America and the Pacific*, by the Hon. P. Campbell Scarlett, 2 vols.—We have put these works in harness together, simply because we know not what to do with either of them. We are perplexed how to characterize that which is characterless. They each, it is true, contain a given amount of good set print,—each has assumed "a questionable shape," but they are "unreal mockeries," after all. The materials out of which they have been wrought, are just such personal concerns as serve pleasantly enough to remind friends at home of our "whereabouts," but are utterly naught for publication. Mr. Cooper observes in his preface, "If the author were required to give a reason why he has written these volumes on a country so well known as Italy, he might be puzzled to give any other answer than that he loved the subject, and has been indulging his own recollections;" but this is no answer at all to the man who, tempted by the fame and name of the author of many pleasant volumes, pays down his hard money, and receives these nothings in exchange for it.—Mr. Scarlett, with equal simplicity and truth, describes his work as notes made "occasionally and irregularly during his rambles, without any other design than that of impressing more deeply on his own mind the recollections of a short visit to a very interesting part of the world." An excellent reason, not only for keeping notes, but for keeping them regularly, which it appears Mr. Scarlett did not,—but why publish? To be sure, the old "importunity of friends" is hinted at,—home idleness is alluded to; and last, and above all,—the result," he had reason to think, "might be attended with some practical utility." Hunting on this scent, we have come to the conclusion, that his 'South America' is merely an advertisement, or an apology for publishing one,—a help onwards to an American gentleman who is anxious to form a company for the purpose of establishing steam communication along the western coast of America, combined, we believe, with a rail-road or canal across central America. A somewhat similar project was, months since, submitted to the public, in a pamphlet, by Mr. Fairbairn; and Mr. Wheelwright, the party referred to, briefly explained his views on the subject at a late meeting of the Geographical Society, (See No. 529). To the advocacy of any plan by Mr. Scarlett, there could be no possible objection, provided his opinions had been put forward after the established fashion, at the cost of the proprietor or the company; but it is not reasonable, that in his zeal to serve either one or the other, he should levy a tax on the credulous in the

shape, according to the advertisement, of "two post 8vo. volumes."

The Miseries and Beauties of Ireland, by Jonathan Binns. 2 vols.—The position of Mr. Binns as assistant commissioner on the late Irish Poor Law inquiry, gave him excellent opportunities for becoming intimately acquainted with the state of the country. His volumes are temperate, sensible, and interesting; he has felt as well as thought, without being carried away by that violent spirit of partisanship, which for so long a period seemed to possess itself of every one who wrote concerning the Emerald Isle. Once again to enter upon its miseries and beauties, however faithfully the one be laid bare, however graphically the other be painted, is, for the moment, impossible to us; but we may say that the appearance of books like the present, bearing signs of careful and dispassionate observation, is not the least hopeful sign of the times to all those who believe in the practicability of a remedy for the distress of their neighbours and brethren, a little less wholesale, a little more merciful than a *noyade*.

Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of the Emperor Napoleon, by a Midshipman of the *Bellerophon*.—Be the author of this volume a genuine aristocrat, or one merely by the grace of his printer, there is no disguising the fact, that he is very dull and a little vulgar. The notices of Napoleon's sojourn on board the *Bellerophon* are the best part of the book; but that is not saying much.

Peter Parley's Universal History.—We did not include this history in our notice of the English republications of Mr. Goodrich's works, because we had reason to believe that the publisher paid for the proof sheets. But this fair dealing intention on the part of the individual, in no way affects the general question of inter-national copyright; for the amount paid must necessarily have been proportioned to the advantage to be gained, and all that Mr. Goodrich had to offer was priority of publication,—any book-seller being at liberty to issue another edition, so soon as he can procure a copy from America. The book is not one of the best of the series, and contains manifest proofs of "editing."

Parliamentary Pocket Companion.—*Vacher's Parliamentary Companion*.—*The Parliamentary Guide*.—All useful works, the latter much improved by some judicious curtailments.

New Editions of some valuable works have been issued since our last notice. We may mention as among the most important Bishop Burnet's History of His Own Time, in one large handsome volume, with numerous biographical notices and other illustrative notes; *Walton's Lives of Donne, Walton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson*, with portraits and notes; *Aikin's Letters from a Father to his Son*; *Machin's Philosophy of Sleep*; *Hazlitt's Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, edited by his Son; and to the Standard Novels Mr. Bentley has added two capital volumes, *Peter Simple* and *Jacob Faithful*.

List of New Books.—A Love Token, by Miss Sedgwick, 4s. cl.—*Bethune's Tales and Sketches of Scottish Peasantry*, 12mo. 4s. cl.—*Bialoblotzky's Paradigm and Glossary*, cl. 7s. 6d. cl.—*The Child's Arithmetic*, new edit. 12mo. 1s. swd.—*The Child's Fairy Library*, Vol. III., sq. 2s. 6d. bds.—*The Child's Guide to Knowledge*, by a Lady, 8th edit. 18mo. 3s. hf. bd.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Atlas of Modern Geography*, roy. 4to. 31s. 6d. cl.—*Elisha*, by F. W. Krummacher, Author of 'Elijah the Tishbite', 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Fisher's Select Translations from the Greek Minor Poets*, roy. 8vo. 21s. cl.—*Fore's Acts and Monuments of the Church, and History of Martyrs*, by M. H. Seymour, roy. 8vo. 21s. cl.—*Head's Forest Scenes in the Woods of Canada*, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—*Higgins's Philosophy of Sound*, 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Hume's English Songs and Ballads*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Lawrence on Raptures*, 8vo. 16s. cl.—*Life of Zinsendorf, from the German*, by S. Jackson, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*MacNish's Philosophy of Sleep*, new edit. 12mo. 7s. cl.—*Memoirs of Crimallin*, edited by 'Ben', 2 vols. post 8vo. 41s. cl.—*Morison's Religious History of Man*, 12mo. 6s. cl.—*Newham's Tribute of Sympathy*, 6th edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Ophthalmia*, by J. Slade, 8vo. 5s. cl.—*Peale's Graphics, a Manual of Drawing and Writing*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*The Philosophy of Phenology Simplified*, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Posthumous Letters by the late Samuel E. Pearce*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Quain's Anatomy*, 4th edit., 8vo. 22s. cl.—*Richardson's Epitome of Chancery Practice*, 12mo. 4s. bds.—*Sheffield on the Law of Tithes*, new edit. 12mo. 12s. bds.—*Simon's Euclid*, by Maynard, new edit. 18mo. 6s. bd.—*Stephenson's Medical Zoology and Mineralogy*, roy. 8vo. 42s. cl.—*Studies on the Apocalypse*, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—*Trial of the Glasgow Cotton Spinners*, by J. Marshall, 8vo. 1s. swd.—*Wanostrocht's Gil Blas*, 5th edit. 12mo. 6s. bd.—*Woodward's Sermons on the Book of Ruth*, 8vo. 10s. bds.—*Young Housekeeper's Pocket Guide*, 32mo. 1s. 6d. swd.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

SIR DANIEL K. SANDFORD.

WE last week, briefly and hastily, announced the death of this accomplished scholar. He died, it appears, of typhus fever, after an illness of only eight days. Sir Daniel was a son of the late Bishop Sandford, of Edinburgh, and distinguished himself as a prize-taker, both at the High School of Edinburgh, and at Oxford. He had but just attained his majority, when, although an Episcopalian, he was elected, on the recommendation of men of all parties, to the comparatively rich Professorship of Greek in the Presbyterian University of Glasgow. By his enthusiasm he soon awakened a love of Greek literature in the students; and his most distinguished pupils, it is believed, were not inferior in acquirements to the best in Oxford or Cambridge. He remodelled the elementary books, translated some German works, and published them with additions; and, by his stirring lectures—many of which were published,—his lecture on Greek Authorities, for instance,—as articles in the *Edinburgh Review*—combined with his unrivalled skill and success as a teacher, he elevated over all Scotland the standard of acquirement in classic literature. During the Catholic Emancipation struggle he hurried to Oxford and gave Sir Robert Peel a welcome vote, and soon after the Wellington ministry made him a knight, in consideration of his literary eminence. The excitements of the Reform Bill came, and, at every meeting in Glasgow, the most brilliant speaker was Sir Daniel Sandford—the people used to carry him home on their shoulders. After an unsuccessful contest for Glasgow, he appeared in the House of Commons as member for Paisley;—a flowery scholar in a most matter-of-fact assembly—a civilian, who had studied little civil law—a Scotch Professor, whose pupils were taught by proxy—a pledged follower of Mr. Hume in all matters of economy—a staunch supporter of Mr. Goulburn against the emancipation of the Jews—a high-minded gentleman, to whom honour was more than life—and last, and most painful of all, a most excitable adventurer, to whom failure was fatal and inevitable. He failed, and retired in ill health. The last productions of his pen were some beautiful passages in *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled, 'Alcibiades,' where also have appeared occasionally some of his admirable translations of Greek poetry.

PROFESSOR MOLL.

SOME biographical particulars respecting this gentleman, so well known to our scientific countrymen, have been obligingly forwarded to us. Professor Moll was born in Amsterdam, the 18th of January, 1753, and died in the same city on the 17th of January, 1838. About the year 1800 he was placed as clerk in a mercantile house of great respectability, for the purpose of acquiring a general knowledge in mercantile affairs, and although a young man of independent fortune, he performed the duties of the office with assiduity and attention. All his leisure time, however, was devoted to the study of mathematics and astronomy. His father, perceiving the turn of his mind, allowed him to relinquish commercial pursuits, and to follow his inclination. This was about the year 1806. He forthwith commenced a regular course of studies under his friend Prof. Van Swinden, at Amsterdam; thence he proceeded to Utrecht, and finally to Paris. In December 1812, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at the University of Utrecht, and was subsequently intrusted by His Majesty, the King of the Netherlands, with many important charges. During a considerable period, he had the superintendence of the "Waterstat," comprising all the measures requisite for the protection of that country from inundation; the care also of the chronometers belonging to the royal navy was intrusted to him; and he was one of the three examiners of naval officers previous to their receiving appointments. In 1835, he was charged by His Majesty to direct and report on a series of observations on the tides along the whole of the Dutch coast, which report was transmitted to Professor Whewell, of Cambridge. Among the various papers which he transmitted to England for publication, was one to Sir David Brewster on the invention of the telescope, another on the result of his experiments upon the

velocity of sound, a third on the comparison of British, French, and Dutch weights, which was published in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*, August 1831, and a fourth on the solar eclipse, 7th of September, 1820. Several years since, his Sovereign conferred on him the order of knighthood. The citizens of Edinburgh, on the meeting of the British Association in 1834, honoured him with the freedom of the city, and the University that of a Doctor's degree, which, however, he had already acquired in Holland. In the year 1825, he was offered, but declined, the Professor's chair at Leyden, (which is considered higher in rank and emolument than that of Utrecht). The University and the city of Utrecht testified their sense of this mark of his attachment by placing at his disposal a considerable sum of money for the extension of his collection of astronomical and other instruments, which valuable collection, together with his library, he has, by will, left to the University. His knowledge of the English language, and his great facility in both writing and speaking it, are well known to all who had the pleasure of corresponding with him; and we add, with proud satisfaction, that the *Athenæum* was indebted to him for many acts of servicable kindness, and for more than one valuable communication. He also had an equal command of the French and German languages. Those persons who enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance must have witnessed the great extent and variety of his knowledge, his wonderful powers of memory, and those social qualities which rendered him a most agreeable companion; and those who knew him intimately, can bear testimony to his kindness of heart.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We had hoped, this week, to have published Mr. Jules Janin's concluding paper on French Literature; but the pressure of new works, and the active and important proceedings of our Societies, have required all the space even of a double number; and we are, therefore, compelled to defer it till next week. Of announcements and gossip, we doubt whether there have been either of interest: we have been too much engaged to hunt for them—our whole time and attention have been occupied in ridding ourselves, as best we might, of the accumulated and accumulating pressure of the moment. We hear, however, that the new members appointed to fill the vacancies in the Royal Academy are Mr. Deering, Mr. Uwins, Mr. Lee, and Mr. W. Wyon. And we could not resist the tempting invitation of Messrs. D. Colnaghi & Co. to a private view of Mr. Hayter's full-length portrait of the Queen, which has been presented by Her Majesty to the City, and is about to be engraved "with all deliberate speed." Our sovereign is represented as in council, and therefore wearing a graver and more thoughtful air than has been given to other portraits. In rendering this expression of dignity to the full, something of likeness has, perhaps, been sacrificed: nothing, indeed, can be finer than the serenity and serious composure of the eyes and brow; but the mouth has been forced into a *featur*, and represented as more strongly marked than it really is. The attitude is easy, without being familiar: one ungloved hand rests on the gilt and carved elbow of the chair of state—this is very beautifully painted. Perhaps a better arrangement would have been, to have retrenched the waist of the rich ermine robe, or, at any rate, not to have permitted the rich collar round the neck so to fall as to divide the figure. But these are trifling exceptions to the very great merit of a carefully-studied and carefully-printed work.

Further accounts have been received from the enterprising naturalist W. Schimper, since his safe arrival at Adowa, the capital of the province of Tigre, in Abyssinia. His letters, dated Adowa, July 24, 1837, say, that by order of the King (viceroys) Ubie, his baggage, which he had been obliged to leave behind at Halsey, had been brought uninjured to Adowa, though not without considerable expense. Since then he had been able to commence his labours for the objects of the Society of Natural History, and had already made a good beginning of the collections which he is instructed to form. The recommendations which he brought with him procured him the favour of King Ubie, who had twice been invited to dine with him, in the tent which the missionary

M. Blumhardt, took from Stuttgart as a present to the king. Should the traveller be able to pass one or two years or more in the country, which will depend on the means afforded him, many valuable discoveries may be expected from his exertions. He has already sent some very interesting seeds, especially of species of corn of that country, among which the *Tef* (a very small seed of which the finest bread is made, the plant is called *Poa Abyssinica*) and the *Toccus* or *Daguscha* (*Eleusine Toccus*) might perhaps be cultivated in this country. It is to be hoped that the traveller will be furnished with the means to prolong his stay in Abyssinia, as not only has the Society for which he travelled received assistance from the government of Wurtemberg, and the traveller himself very lately from that of Baden, but many friends of natural history in foreign countries take great interest in the success of his travels; and the members of the Society ought to do everything to carry into full effect what has been so well begun.

We have been reminded, by a correspondent, that there is more than one Prophet among us; and he is a little indignant that we should pour out, what he calls our phials of wrath, on Mr. Murphy alone. We suspect that the writer is one of the amiable congregation of St. Faith, and that he does not so much regret that Lieut. Morrison escaped, as that Mr. Murphy suffered. Let him quiet his nerves,—our phial was a very small one, and our wrath very diluted: he may rest satisfied that it will not even touch the cuticle of his Prophet,—unless, indeed, its influence reach somewhere very near to the breeches pocket. But we differ from him. Lieut. Morrison appears, to us, to be an honest visionary,—for, as Dogberry would say, "he writes himself down" in good set phrase, beyond question or cavil, and leaves his folly to its fate: but Mr. Murphy is a politic gentleman, who deals in generalities,—sows half guinea paragraphs, and reaps a golden harvest. It is mere nonsense to talk, as our correspondent does, about his being generally right: did he expect that the very seasons would change to falsify the prediction? It surely needed no ghost to tell us that "frost and fair" would prevail throughout January,—the nonsense was, in pretending to foreknow the exceptions to what may be considered as seasonable weather. Considering the latitude taken by the philosopher, together with his "changeable," which means any weather,—and considering, too, our variable climate, which may safely be relied on to offer an apology for any assertion respecting fair, foul, frost, or rain, in any given twenty-four hours,—the only strange thing is, that it has this year been sufficiently settled and determinate, to admit of proof that the "M.N.S." is no conjuror. But we will not be provoked, by a mere epidemic folly, to waste more words on such a subject. Let those that have faith hold to it;—we have laboured to little purpose, if there be many readers of the *Athenæum* among them. As a final leave-taking, we will compare the prophecy and the facts during the past week:—

	According to Murphy.	Fact.
SUN.	Changeable.	Fair and Frost.
MON.	Rain and Wind.	Ditto.
TUES.	Fair.	Ditto.
WED.	Rain and Wind.	Ditto.
THUR.	Changeable.	Ditto, and Wind.
FRI.	Rain.	Ditto, ditto.

Mr. Murphy, in respect to "fair and frost," is like "good Doctor Pinch" between Antipholus and Dromeo of Ephesus. Unless there be some change, and forthwith,—

Between them they will kill the conjuror.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

[Abstract of Papers read at the Meetings of the Society.]

Description of a new Barometer, recently fixed up in the Apartments of the Royal Society; with remarks on the mode hitherto pursued at various periods, and on account of that which is now adopted, for correcting the observed height of the mercury in the Society's Barometers. By Francis Bailey, Esq., Vice-President and Treasurer.

The barometer, here alluded to, may in some measure be considered as two separate and independent barometers, inasmuch as it is formed of two distinct tubes dipping into one and the same cistern

of mercury. One of these tubes is made of *flint glass*, and the other of *crown glass*, with a view to ascertain whether, at the end of any given period, the one may have had any greater chemical effect on the mercury than the other, and thus affected the results. A brace rod, to which the scale is attached, passes through the framework, between the two tubes, and is thus common to both: one end of which is furnished with a fine agate point, which, by means of a rack and pinion moving the whole rod, may be brought just to touch the surface of the mercury in the cistern, the slightest contact with which is immediately discernible: and the other end of which bears the usual scale of inches, tenths, &c.; and there is a separate vernier for each tube. A small thermometer, the bulb of which dips into the mercury in the cistern, is inserted at the bottom: and an eyepiece is also there fixed, so that the agate point can be viewed with more distinctness and accuracy. The whole instrument is made to turn round in azimuth, in order to verify the perpendicularity of the tubes and the scale. It is evident that there are many advantages attending this mode of construction, which are not to be found in the barometers as usually formed for general use in this country. The absolute heights are more correctly and more satisfactorily determined; and the permanency of true action is more effectually noticed and secured. For, every part is under the inspection and control of the observer; and any derangement or imperfection in either of the tubes is immediately detected on comparison with the other. And, considering the care that has been taken in filling the tubes, and setting off the scale, it may justly be considered as a *standard barometer*. The author concludes with some remarks on the propriety of the position of the several meteorological instruments of the Society. With respect to the *barometer*, he says he is not aware that any objection can be offered; and as to the *hygrometer*, the observations have been found, by recent trials, not to differ materially from some expressly made in another position, at King's College, which was considered to be more favourable for such experiments. It therefore only remains to speak of the external thermometer and of the *rain-gauge*; of which all that can be said on the subject would be merely a repetition of what was justly said sixty years ago by Mr. Cavendish on a similar occasion (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1776), namely, "that, on the whole, the situation is not altogether such as could be wished, but is the best the house affords."

Magnetical Observations made in the West Indies, on the Coasts of Brazil and North America, in the years 1834, 1835, 1836 and 1837. By Sir J. E. Home, Bart., Commander, Royal Navy: the Observations reduced by the Rev. George Fisher, M.A.

The observations for the dip were made with an instrument of modern construction, by Dollond. Each observation consisted of an equal number of readings of the position of the needle, before and after the inversion of its poles, and a mean of all the readings taken for the true dip. Tables are subjoined, containing the dips observed at each place; the times of making a hundred vibrations of five horizontal needles, and the mean horizontal forces computed therefrom; and likewise the results estimated in the direction of the dipping-needle, compared with direct experiments made with the dipping-needle itself.

Experimental Researches in Electricity, Eleventh Series, by Michael Faraday, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution.

The object of this paper is to establish two general principles relating to the theory of electricity, which appear to be of great importance: first, that induction is in all cases the result of the actions of contiguous particles; and secondly, that different insulators have different inductive capacities.

The class of phenomena usually arranged under the head of induction are reducible to a general fact, the existence of which we may recognize in all electrical phenomena whatsoever; and they involve the operation of a principle having all the characters of a first, essential and fundamental law. The discovery which he had already made of the law by which electrolytes refuse to yield their elements to a current

* The observations which appear monthly in the *Athenæum* are made with this instrument.

when in the solid state, though they give them forth freely when liquid, suggested to the author the extension of analogous explanations with regard to inductive action, and the possible reduction of many dissimilar phenomena to one single comprehensive law. As the whole effect upon the electrolyte appeared to be an action of the particles when thrown into a peculiar polarized state, he was led to suspect that common induction itself is in all cases an action of contiguous particles, and that electrical action at a distance, which is what is meant by the term *induction*, never occurs except through the intermediate agency of intervening matter. He considered that a test of the correctness of his views might be obtained by tracing the course of inductive action; for if it were found to be exerted in curved lines it would naturally indicate the action of contiguous particles, and would scarcely be compatible with action at a distance. Moreover, if induction be an action of contiguous particles, and likewise the first step in electrolysis, there seemed reason to expect some particular relation of this action to the different kinds of matter through which it is exerted; that is, something equivalent to a specific electric induction for different bodies; and the existence of such specific powers would be an irrefragable proof of the dependence of induction on the intervening particles. The failure of all attempts to produce an absolute charge of electricity of one species alone, independent of the other, first suggested to the author the notion that induction is the result of actions among the individual and contiguous particles of matter, having both forces developed to an extent exactly equal in each particle.

The author describes various experiments, with the view of showing that no case ever occurs in which an absolute charge of one species of electricity can be given. His first experiments were conducted on a very large scale: an insulated cube, twelve feet in the side, consisting of a wooden frame, with wire net-work, every part of which was brought into good metallic contact by bands of tin foil, had a glass tube, containing a wire in connexion with a large electrical machine, passed through its side, so that about four feet of the tube entered within the cube and two feet remained without; but it was found impossible in any way to charge the air within this apparatus with the least portion of either electricity.

For investigating the question whether induction is an action of contiguous particles, the author employed, as an electrometer, the torsion balance of Coulomb, with certain alterations and additions; and for deciding that of specific inductive capacity, a new apparatus constructed for that express purpose. This apparatus consisted of two hollow brass spheres, of very unequal diameters, the smaller placed within the larger, and concentric with it; the interval between the two being the space through which the induction was to be effected. The apparatus had a tube in the lower part, furnished with a stop-cock, by means of which it might be connected with an air-pump or filled with any required gas. In place of the lower hemispherical shell of air, occupying the interval between the two spheres, any solid dielectric, of the same form, such as shell-lac, glass, or sulphur, might be substituted. Two of these instruments, precisely similar in every respect, were constructed, and the author ascertained that the inductive power was the same in both, by alternately charging each, and dividing the charge with the other, and then finding that, in all cases, the charge remaining in the one, and also that received by the other, was very nearly half the original charge.

The experiments on which the author principally relies in support of the correctness of his views relative to induction being exerted in curved lines, are the following: a brass ball being laid on the top of an excited cylinder of shell-lac placed vertically, the charge which a carrier ball received when brought to different points near to the brass sphere was measured by means of the electrometer, and it was inferred, from the character of the electricity, that the charge was one by induction, and from its measure, that it proceeded in curved lines. By substituting for the brass sphere a disc of metal above the shell-lac cylinder, it was found that when the carrier ball was brought near to the middle of the disc no charge was communicated, although a sensible one was obtained at the edge of the disc, and also at a point

above its centre, farther removed from the excited cylinder. Corresponding and very striking results were obtained when a brass hemisphere was placed on the top of the cylinder of lac. The charge communicated at the centre of the hemisphere was only one-third of that obtained at the edge of its periphery; but by taking it at a point at some height above the centre, and consequently much farther removed from the inducing cause, the charge was nearly equal to that of the periphery. Here, the author remarks, the induction fairly turned a corner, exhibiting both the curved lines or courses of its action, when disturbed from their rectilinear form by the shape, position and condition of the metallic hemisphere; and also a lateral tension, so to speak, of these lines on one another; all depending on induction being an action of the contiguous particles of the dielectric thrown into a state of polarity and tension, and mutually related by their forces in all directions. In the foregoing experiments the dielectric was air; but they were afterwards varied by substituting a fluid, as oil of turpentine, and likewise a few solid dielectrics, namely, shell-lac, sulphur, carbonate and borate of lead, flint-glass, and spermaceti; and with these, corresponding results were obtained. These results, the author considers, cannot but be admitted as arguments against the received theory of induction, and in favour of that which he has put forth.

In the course of these experimental researches, some effects due to conduction, which had not been anticipated, and which were similar to the residual charge in the Leyden jar, had been obtained with such bodies as glass, lac, sulphur, &c. If the inductive apparatus, fitted with a hemispherical cup of shell-lac, after having remained charged for fifteen or twenty minutes, was suddenly and perfectly discharged, and then left to itself, it would gradually recover a very sensible charge; the electricity which thus returned from an apparently latent to a sensible state being always of the same kind as that given by the charge. This return charge is attributed to an actual penetration, by conduction, of the charge to some distance within the dielectric at each of its two surfaces; and several experiments are adduced in support of this view. With shell-lac and spermaceti the return charge was considerable; with glass and sulphur it was much less; but with air, no decided effect of the kind could be obtained. As this was an effect which might interfere with the results, in the method the author adopted for deciding the question of specific inductive capacity, and as time was requisite for this penetration of the charge, its influence on these results was guarded against by allowing, between the successive operations, as little time as possible for this peculiar action to arise.

The author thus states the question of specific inductive capacity which he had proposed to investigate:—Suppose A an electrified plate of metal suspended in the air, and B and C two exactly similar plates, placed parallel to and on each side of A, at equal distances, and un-insulated; A will then induce equally towards B and C. If, in this position of the plates, some other dielectric than air, as shell-lac, be introduced between A and C, will the induction between them remain the same; or will the relation of C and B to A be altered by the difference of the dielectrics interposed between them?

The experiment of Coulomb, from which it appeared that a wire surrounded by shell-lac took exactly the same quantity of electricity from a charged body, as the same body took in air, seemed to the author to be no proof of the truth of the assumption, that, under such variation of the circumstances as he had supposed, no change would occur. Entertaining these doubts as to the conclusions deducible from Coulomb's result, he had the apparatus previously described constructed, as being well adapted for this investigation. After rejecting glass, resin, wax, naphtha, oil of turpentine, and other substances, as unfit for the purpose in view, he chose shell-lac, as the substance best calculated to serve as an experimental test of the question.

For the purpose of comparing the inductive capacities of shell-lac and air, a hemispherical cup of shell-lac was introduced into the lower hemisphere of one of the inductive apparatus, so as to nearly fill the lower half of the space between the two spheres; and their charges were divided in the manner already

described; each apparatus being used in turn to receive the first charge, before its division with the other. As the two instruments were known to have equal inductive powers when air was contained in both, any deficiencies resulting from the introduction of the shell-lac would show a peculiar action in it; and, if unequivocally referable to a specific inductive influence, would establish the point in question.

The air apparatus being charged, and its disposable charge being 290°, this charge was divided between the two. After the division, the charge in the lac apparatus was 113°, and in the air apparatus, 114°. From this it appears, that whilst by the division the induction through the air lost 176°, that through lac gained only 113°. Assuming that this difference depends entirely on the greater facility possessed by shell-lac of allowing or causing inductive action through its substance than that possessed by air, then the capacity for electric induction would be inversely as the respective loss and gain; and assuming the capacity of the air apparatus as unity, that of the shell-lac apparatus would be $\frac{113}{176}$ or 1.55.

When the shell-lac apparatus was first charged, and then the charge divided with the air apparatus, it appeared that the lac apparatus, in communicating a charge of 118°, only lost a charge of 86°. This result gives 1.37 as the capacity of the lac apparatus.

Both these results, the author considers, require a correction; the former being in excess, the latter in defect. Applying this correction, they become 1.50 and 1.47. From a mean of these and several similar experiments, it is inferred that the inductive capacity of the apparatus having the hemisphere of lac is to that with air as 1.50 to 1.

As the lac only occupied one half of the apparatus containing it, the other half being filled with air, it would follow from the foregoing result, that the inductive capacity of shell-lac is to that of air as 2 to 1.

From all these experiments, and from the constancy of their results, the author deems the conclusion irresistible, that shell-lac does exhibit a case of specific inductive capacity.

Similar experiments with flint-glass gave its capacity 1.76 times that of air. Using in like manner a hemisphere of sulphur, it appeared that the inductive capacity of that substance was rather above 2.24 times that of air, and the author considers this result with sulphur as one of the most unexceptionable.

With liquids, as oil of turpentine and naphtha, although the results are not inconsistent with the belief, that these liquids have a greater specific inductive capacity than air, yet the author does not consider the proofs as perfectly conclusive.

A most interesting class of substances, in relation to specific inductive capacity, the gases or aeriform bodies, next came under the author's review.

With atmospheric air, and likewise with pure oxygen, change of density was found to occasion no change in the inductive capacity. Nor was any change produced, either by an increase of temperature, or by a variation in the hygrometric state.

The details are then given of a very elaborate series of experiments with atmospheric air, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, muriatic acid, carbonic acid, sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, and other gases, undertaken with the view of comparing them one with another under a great variety of modifications. Notwithstanding the striking contrasts of all kinds which these gases present, of property, of density, whether simple or compound, anions or cations, of high or low pressure, hot or cold, not the least difference in their capacity to favour or admit electrical induction through them could be perceived. Considering the point established, that in all these gases induction takes place by an action of contiguous particles, this is the more important, and adds one to the many striking relations which hold among bodies having the gaseous form.

In conclusion, the author remarks, that induction appears to be essentially an action of contiguous particles, through the intermediation of which the electric force originating or appearing at a certain place, is propagated to or sustained at a distance, appearing there as a force of the same kind and exactly equal in amount, but opposite in its direction and tendencies. Induction requires no sensible thickness in the conductors which may be used to

limit its extent, for an un-insulated leaf of gold may be made very highly positive on one surface, and as highly negative on the other, without the least interference of the two states, as long as the induction continues. But with regard to dielectrics, or insulating media, the results are very different; for their thickness has an immediate and important influence on the degree of induction. As to their quality, though all gases and vapours are alike, whatever be their state, amongst solid bodies, and between them and gases, there are differences which prove the existence of specific inductive capacities.

The author also refers to a transverse force with which the direct inductive force is accompanied. The experimental proof of the existence of such a force, in all cases of induction, is, from its bearing on the phenomena of electro-magnetism and magneto-electricity, of the highest importance; and we cannot but look forward with the greatest interest to the promised communication in which these and other phenomena relating to this subject will be reviewed.

On the Variation of a Triple Integral. By Richard Abbott, Esq., F.R.S. Communicated by Benjamin Gompertz, Esq., F.R.S.

In the calculus of variations, the discovery of which has immortalized the name of Lagrange, that illustrious mathematician, by differentiating the function with respect to a new variable which enters into it, reduced the general problem of intermediate maxima and minima to the solution of an equation depending on the variation of the given integral, whether single or multiple, and whose differential coefficient contains any number of variables, or which even depends on other integrals. The author investigates, in the present memoir, the case in which the given function is a triple integral; its variation being composed of two distinct parts, namely, a triple integral and another part, the determination of which must be sought from the limits of the triple integral.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 12.—W. R. Hamilton, President, in the chair. —The following papers were read:—1. Extracts from a letter from Baron Alex. von Humboldt:

“Berlin, Jan. 10, 1838.

“I cannot sufficiently congratulate the Geographical Society in having found so excellent a traveller as M. Schomburgk—so much courage and so much devotedness. His latest labours in Guayana, the ascent of the rivers Corentyn and Berbice, place him very high in my opinion; and this zone of hieroglyphic figures, sculptured in the rock, from Encarnada in 66° 50' west, even as far as the eastern limit of British Guayana, a distance of nearly 600 geographical miles, is an ethnographical phenomenon, which daily increases in interest.

“The astronomical geography of Northern Asia will shortly be set right by the publication of the great works of M. Federoff, who has recently returned to St. Petersburg, after five years' absence. Should I yet publish the detail of my own astronomical observations in Siberia, it will only be in order to fix more accurately the points where I have made observations on terrestrial magnetism. I bespeak the same indulgence for these labours in Asia, that has formerly been shown to my travels in America.

“I learn, with the greatest satisfaction, that my letter to the Duke of Sussex, on the subject of magnetic observatories, has produced some useful results. As we make observations here, both with the needle of Gambey, furnished with microscopes, and with the new apparatus of Gauss, furnished with a mirror, we have an opportunity of convincing ourselves more and more of the greater perfection of the latter apparatus, which, by degrees, will be employed in all our great observatories.

“As I think that this subject is not without importance to seamen, I beg you to invite the influential members of your Society, to be good enough to propagate Gauss's manner of observing in all new stations where intelligent persons can be found. Points near the magnetic equator, and those which are in high latitudes in the southern hemisphere, as the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Van Diemen's Land, &c., would be most desirable, if they would observe at the same epochs indicated by M. Gauss, and followed throughout the north of Asia, in Germany, Sweden, and Milan.

“The beautiful trigonometric levelling between

the Black Sea and the Caspian, is at length finished. There is depression, but a much less depression than Professor Parrot announced after his first barometric levelling by stations. This always appeared to me probable, on account of the elevation of Kasan, and on account of some corresponding observations that I obtained during my journey to the Caspian.

“The levelling of Messrs. Fuss, Sabler, and Sawitch shows, that the level of the Caspian is about 105 English feet lower than that of the Black Sea.”

2. Extracts from a letter from Vice Consul Willshire to Thomas Davidson, Esq.:

“Mogadore, Dec. 21, 1837.

“Hitherto, nothing of consequence has resulted from my inquiries, except the recovery of some books and a gold ring, which your lamented brother always wore; as a relic, I am sure you will esteem it highly; its recovery afforded me great satisfaction. The Moor, from whom I purchased the ring, has, since I wrote to you, journeyed to the country of Dar'ah, and visited the tents of the Tajacanth, and had an interview with Mohammed el Abd, in whose possession, he informs me, he saw the letters or packets written by your brother, and addressed to me; one written previous to his death, the other, two or three days before. I have done all in my power to induce the Moor to get possession of them; I have authorized his making a handsome present to Mohammed el Abd, and promised him also a similar reward. The Moor was told by Mohammed el Abd, that the letters referred to some private transactions between him and Sheikh Beyrook: it may be so, but I flatter myself with the hope, that the letters contain short notes of his journey from Wad-nin, which your brother promised he would make, and forward to me, if he met with any travellers journeying to Wad-nin or Morocco. I hope shortly to receive some intelligence from the Moor, who despatched a courier expressly regarding these letters.

“The return of several Kafilahs from Tumbuktú is expected early in the month of March, when I think it very probable I may hear from Abú Bekr, whose arrival there I have no reason to doubt, as all accounts state, that the Kafilah had gone on; and, on his arrival there, should he apply to the Sheikh of Tumbuktú to transmit a letter to me, there is every probability it would reach my hands.”

3. Notes made during the campaign to Kostantinah, in September 1837, by Major Sir Grenville Temple, Bart.

“Leaving Bonah, we passed through Ed-dere'in, Neshmayah, Kalemah, Mejáz Amar, and on the 6th of October reached the Marabút of Sidi Mabruk; here were established the headquarters of the French army. We galloped on to the edge of the terrace, and suddenly burst upon our sight the whole town of Kostantinah lying at our feet, and separated from us by the deep, perpendicular, and rocky ravine, through which rush the waters of the Rumli. As soon as we were seen from the town, its batteries opened upon us, and every window and rock became animated by the fire of musketry. The women at the same time raised their voices in the usual sounds of *lu-lu-lu*, and the men shouted curses against us. All these sounds were loudly and often repeatedly reproduced by the prolonged and many-toned echoes of the ravine. The siege lasted till the 13th; batteries had been established at Mansurah, and on the other side of the Rumli on the Kudyah 'Ati, 'hill of 'Ati.' The weather during all this period was rainy and cold; there was no shelter, and no fuel to make fires; no forage was to be obtained, so that the horses had only half rations of barley, which we had brought with us; fevers and dysentery raged throughout the camp, to which was subsequently added the cholera; men and horses died rapidly. At last a breach having been made, the town was on the 13th most gallantly carried by assault, and the tri-color floated from the minaret of the Kasbah.

“Kostantinah stands on a peninsula formed by the Rumli, 'the river of sand.' The part on which the tower is built was at one time certainly connected with the adjoining heights, and was separated from them, not, as is always stated, by the hands of men, but by an earthquake or some convulsion of nature, though at what period this took place we cannot ascertain, no tradition, whatever, of such an event existing. Both sides of the ravine are of calcareous rock, covered with a very shallow coat of vegetable

earth. The black rocks of Kostantinah, and the black stones with which its principal edifices were formerly constructed, are not, as commonly stated, either of lava or basalt. The Rumli, which at or near the town turns twenty miles, enters from the S.E. the deep fissure or ravine called El Húa, existing between the heights of Mansurah and the town. The entrance is extremely narrow, the breadth there, from side to side, not being more than four yards. The rocks rise perpendicularly on each flank, but there exist narrow ledges at different elevations, which enable a pedestrian to follow the whole of its course to El Kantarah, from which there exists no difficulty in continuing it to the cascade where the waters debouche from the ravine. A part of the works below the cascade are of marble. El Kantarah, as its name indicates, is a bridge across this ravine, placed at the angle which it here makes. From the summit of this bridge to the water of the river the height is 114 yards: the extreme length of the bridge on its summit from the Bab el Kantarah to its commencement on the opposite side, and following its curve, is 113 yards; its breadth eight yards. Higher up the ravine are either the commencement or the remains of two other bridges or aqueducts, also of Roman construction. The modern part of El Kantarah was built by Mahonese, about forty-five years ago, with, it is said, materials prepared at Mahon! From El Kantarah to the cascade are four natural bridges; the arch of the one nearest the cascade so perfectly resembles a Gothic arch, that at first it appears to be the work of man. The cascade is divided into three falls, which together may be from forty-five to fifty yards, but I did not measure them. The rock which overhangs it on the town side or left bank, is in perpendicular height exactly 109.3 yards, to which must be added a slope formed by the fall of stones and earth, which measures thirty-three yards more; total above the summit of this cascade 142.5 yards; from the top of this rock, named Keff Skakara, women guilty of adultery are precipitated. Kostantinah, before it received its present name from Constantine its restorer, was called by the Romans *Cirta*. The city has four gates, which are of Arab construction, built, however, in great part with materials of Roman edifices; the superb gates, with columns of red marble, mentioned by several travellers, do not now exist; and I may here observe, that the ancient edifices have of late years suffered much, and in many instances have been entirely destroyed, in order to obtain materials for the fortifications of the town; especially this was the case with Ahmed Bey, when preparing to defend himself against the French forces. The town walls on the land side, five feet thick, and in many parts with casemates behind them, are built of Roman wrought stones. Kostantinah measures nearly 2,700 yards in circuit; the accounts which state its population at between 25,000 and 30,000 are probably correct. The period, however, at which I arrived in the town was not a favourable one for ascertaining its correctness, for, with the exception of dead bodies, we scarcely saw more than 200 or 300 of its inhabitants, the rest had all fled when they perceived the certainty of our taking their town. Judging from the size and decorations of the houses, and rich furniture and stores we found in them, a considerable portion of the inhabitants appear to have been very wealthy, and to have indulged in much luxury. Neither did I see any indications of extreme poverty in any of the habitations; there appeared to exist a general degree of comfort which is seldom found in any large towns, even in Europe. The greater part of the houses are built from two to five feet above the ground, on large square-cut blocks of the dark-grey calcareous stones, the remains of ancient buildings. Kostantinah from a distance has not the gay and white appearance of the towns of the East, or even of other parts of Barbary; this is owing to the peculiarity of the houses, not being covered with white-washed terraces, but with tiled roofs, *a dos d'ane*. During wet weather, Kostantinah, as seen from Mansurah, or any of the other commanding elevations, presents itself, from this circumstance, in a most gloomy and dull aspect. None of the mosques, public buildings, or houses, are remarkable for any beauty or elegance of architectural design. Judging from the size and height of the minarets, or rather towers, there are thirteen principal mosques in the town, besides several chapels. The Bey's new palace, built

about eight years ago, is a large edifice, and in its interior very handsome; white marble courts, galleries, fountains, and columns; bright and gaily painted walls; vivid and glossy *azulejos*, with Arabesque patterns, orange, citron, and pomegranate trees; mirrors, and numerous glass lamps suspended in all directions; with a due mixture of rich carpets, cushions, lion and leopard skins, form on the whole a pleasing ensemble.

"The valley to the N.W. and W., through which flows the Rumi, after it has disengaged itself from the ravine, is of great beauty; the river winds much in its course, and is bordered by a few villas and numerous gardens, rich in every variety of vegetable and fruit trees, with extensive groves of pomegranate, olive, fig, orange, and citron; the view in this direction is bounded in the distance by a bold range of mountains."

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 12.—The following communications were read:—

On the difference of Longitude between the Greenwich and Paris Observatories. By Mr. Dent. Communicated by the Astronomer Royal.

Mr. Dent having lately had occasion to visit the French capital, resolved to take advantage of the opportunity which thus presented itself of ascertaining, by the transit of chronometers, the difference between the meridians of the Greenwich and Paris Observatories, the astronomers-royal of the respective countries (G. B. Airy, Esq. and M. Arago,) offering every assistance requisite to the completion of the object. Twelve chronometers were selected for the purpose, the rates and errors of which were ascertained by daily comparison with the Observatory clocks during seven days before they were taken abroad, during fourteen days, while they remained at the Paris Observatory, and during seven days after they were brought back to Greenwich. In travelling, they were placed in a wooden box, and packed in horse-hair. The route pursued was by coach to Dover, whence the water was crossed in a sailing-boat to Boulogne, and the journey to Paris completed by the diligence. Between the last comparison of the chronometers made at Greenwich, and the first at the Observatory of Paris, there was an interval of seventy-two hours. After a space of fourteen days, the instruments were returned by the diligence to Boulogne, whence they were conveyed by a steam-vessel to Greenwich. On this journey, only forty-nine hours elapsed between the comparisons at the two Observatories. It may be remarked, that in passing through the paved towns, both in England and France, the chronometers were exposed to severe concussion. In this experiment the whole difficulty turns on determining the rate of the chronometers during the transit from the one station to the other. Mr. Dent employs two methods for this purpose, which are severally explained. The difference of longitudes, found by the first method is $9^m 21^s.14$; and, by the second, $9^m 21^s.28$.—Mr. Dent has given the official errors and rates received from the two Observatories, arranged in a tabular form; thus supplying the information necessary to admit of the statements being placed in any other point of view.

Observations of the Lunar Eclipse on the 13th October, 1837, made with a view to ascertain the practical advantages of the method of determining the Longitude by that phenomenon, suggested by the late Captain Kater, for a fixed station, and particularly of an adaptation of that method to Nautical purposes, proposed by Captain Beaufort, Hydrographer to the Admiralty. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. Communicated by Captain Beaufort.

In April 1833, Captain Kater read a notice to the Astronomical Society, of a method which had occurred to him for determining the longitude, by observing, at successive intervals, the angular breadth of the uneclipsed portion of the Moon's disc, first, on the Moon's entering the earth's shadow, and, secondly, on her emerging from it. He proposed to take a series of measures with a micrometer, attached to a telescope of convenient power, and to record the time of each measure, as the Moon entered the earth's shadow, and on its emerging from the shadow, noting the times at which the same measures were found to obtain in both cases. By then taking the mean between each pair of the times when the same breadth of the uneclipsed part of the Moon was ob-

served, a series of *middle times* of the eclipse would be obtained, each of which, as he conceived, would be at least as good as that obtained by taking the mean between the first and last contact of the Moon with the dark shadow,—and between the first and last total immersion of the Moon in the dark shadow,—methods heretofore employed for obtaining the longitude by a lunar eclipse. As the micrometer, however, cannot be used on board ship, Captain Beaufort suggested that the measures in question might be made at sea with a sextant, and Captain Hall felt anxious to put this proposal to the test of experiment. On the occasion of the recent lunar eclipse, therefore, he prepared his nautical instruments, viz. a chronometer and sextant, at the Royal Observatory of Edinburgh, for the particular observations alluded to, and also for observing the beginning and end, in the usual way. The eclipse was a total one, and every circumstance proved favourable, so that the method, he conceives, had the fairest chance possible. The results of the observations made by Captain Hall on this occasion (the whole of which are recorded) are, that the old method of observing, viz. by noting the beginning and end, and also the first and last total immersion, is at least as good as the new method suggested by Captain Kater. But this circumstance, Captain Hall remarks, ought not, of course, to prevent navigators from taking as many pairs of measurements as possible, in case of losing the other phenomena, or in order to verify the results.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

We do not report fully and regularly the evening lectures at this Institution, because, as suited to a mixed assembly, they are necessarily in degree elementary and merely popular.* Whenever there is anything really new or important brought forward, we take care to submit it to our readers; but such matters are usually addressed to another kind of audience, "fit though few," at one or other of the Societies. Thus, Mr. Faraday opened the session on the 19th ult. with a brief development of his new views and researches in regard to the nature of electrical induction; but far more extensive reports of his invaluable labours and discoveries have been from time to time made to the Royal Society, and have appeared in our reports of its proceedings; the latest is in this day's paper. On the 26th, Mr. Brande delivered a lecture 'On Fatty Bodies, and their application to the Manufacture of Candles,' the principal novelty in which had reference to the recent introduction of stearine, and the subsequent addition of wax, magnesia, French chalk, and arsenic, for the purpose of preventing crystallization; a subject discussed at the Westminster Medical Society, and reported on at the time in the *Athenæum*. On the 2nd of February, Mr. Goadby delivered a lecture 'On the Anatomy of Insects,' and exhibited a microscope on a new principle, of his own invention. On the 9th, Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, delivered a lecture 'On the Development, Growth, and Structure of Shells,' which, as it contains a good deal of novel matter, we shall report more fully. Mr. Gray commenced by stating that he should confine his remarks to true shells, which might be defined as the hard bodies which cover and protect the vital organs of molluscous animals; and remarked, that these must be distinguished from the crustaceous cases of sea-eggs, and the hard deciduous skin of crustacea and other marine articulated animals, which are often confounded, under the name of shell-fish; though it might be observed that many of the shelly tubes of *Annelides* and *Zoophytes* are constructed in a perfectly similar manner. These molluscous animals are enveloped in a muscular coat called the mantle, which is often itself covered and protected by a shell, together forming a covering into which the animal can withdraw itself for safety. This shell is most accurately moulded on the surface of the mantle, and is formed of particles of carbonate of lime agglutinated together by animal matter, both secreted

by the numerous glands, which stud its surface. Nature appears to have bestowed considerable care on the development of the shell: the mantle of the embryo, while yet in the egg, before all its organs are developed, is first covered with a thin film of animal matter which is then lined with calcareous particles, until it forms a more or less solid shell. After the animal is hatched, it continues to enlarge this shell (which may be considered as the nucleus of the adult one), by adding first a film of animal matter round its edge, and then, when this film is hardened by exposure, by lining the inner surface of the film with repeated coats of shelly matter. The animal continues to repeat this process as long as it grows and requires a larger shell for its protection, the lines of addition being generally visible on the outer surface of most shells. The glands which secrete the shelly matter are more abundant near the edge of the mantle, where they are most wanted for the purpose of increasing the size of the shell, and intermixed with them there is another set which secrete the coloured particles that vary the hue of the surface of the shell. These latter glands, which are not called into action until after the animal is hatched (for the unhatched shell is colourless), generally deposit their secretions with the outer layer of shelly matter which is placed immediately under the outer film. All the variations in the colouring on the surface of shells depend on the constant secretion or the regular or partial interruption of the action of these glands. The colouring matter being all deposited on the edge of the shell as it is gradually enlarged by the animal, is like the form of the shell, never changed, as all but the mere edge is removed out of the immediate influence of the animal, by the successive depositions. The films which are first deposited during the developments of the shell, and which are formed of nearly pure animal matter, constitute together an outer coat, which has been called the *Periostracum* (or cover of the shell). It is of great use to the animal in protecting the shell from the deteriorating effects of the sea and atmosphere, and though present in all shells it varies greatly in appearance, according to the habitation of the animal, being generally rough and soft in the marine, thick and smooth in the fluviatile, and thin in the terrestrial shells. It adheres closely to the solid part of the shell during the life of the animal, but generally soon dries and peels off when the animal dies. As it hides the fine colours of the shell it is often taken off by shell-dealers, and is therefore seldom seen on the shell in the cabinet of amateurs. This coat has been considered as analogous to the scarf-skin of our bodies, and called *Epidermis*, the shell being regarded as part of the true skin, and to support this theory it has been declared that shells which are embedded in the mantle of the animal have no periostracum, but this is an error, the *Dolabella*, *Bulla*, and other internal shells having this coat well developed, and the shell of *Aplysia* being almost entirely formed of it, while the shell, instead of being part of the skin, is in fact a mere secretion from it. The shell formed in the embryo being always a blunt cone, and this cone being continually increased in size by the addition of a succession of layers of new matter to its base or edge, which is moulded as it is deposited, on the more or less gradually enlarging body of the animal. The shell in all its states is to be regarded as a cone varying in height, and breadth, and direction, according to the form of the body on which it is moulded. Sometimes it is very short or nearly flat, at other times very high and nearly tube-like; sometimes it is erect or oblique, or with its upper part convoluted on itself; when very high it is most generally spirally twisted obliquely down a central axis, as this is the form which enables the animal to carry its elongated body in the smallest space. In general, the whorls, as the spiral turns are called, are closely agglutinated as they are formed, but in some shells, as the *Scalaria* and *Spirula*, they are always separate, as is also sometimes the case with distorted specimens of other kinds; for instance, in the corkscrew variety of the common garden snail, which at once proves that all spiral shells are formed of conical tubes of this kind. The shell by its method of formation (being entirely moulded on the edge of the body of the animal) assumes as it enlarges all the peculiarities of the form of the mantle, and whenever this part is furnished

* This same reason will serve as an apology for the brief and only occasional notice taken of the lectures at the Society of Arts, and for our declining altogether to report those given at the various literary and scientific institutions in and around London. Such lectures are at all times an innocent amusement, and may do service to popularizing science; but the *Athenæum* is intended to be a record of the progress of knowledge, for the information of persons who have got beyond the Horn-book.

with any protuberances, processes, or beards, the animal forms on the edge of the shell, cases for their protection. When these appendages of the mantle are permanent, the cases form ridges, &c. on the shell, but when, as is very often the case, they are only developed at certain periods in the life of the animal, and again retracted, each time they are developed cases are formed for their protection, and then again closed up on their retraction, and these cases as the shell enlarges are left on its surface, often greatly enhancing its beauty, although those only which are on the edge of the shell continue to be of any use to the animal. It is these expansions of the mantle which produces spines on the cockles, the horn-like processes on the varices of *Muricea*, and the long strap-like processes on the *Spondyli*. Sometimes the edge of the mantle, when the animal arrives at its full size, all at once undergoes an alteration in the shape, and this causes the adult shell to assume quite a different shape; this is the case with the *Strombs*, the *Cowries*, *Tearshells*, &c. The size of the animals and of these expansions of the mantle, depend on the quantity of nourishment which they can procure, and this is greatly influenced by the position, temperature, and tranquillity of the places they inhabit. Thus the shells of the same species often vary greatly in size and external appearance, according to the locality in which they are found. Some conchologists, deceived by the immense difference of size between specimens of the same species of *Cowries*, have been led to believe that these animals changed their shells as lobsters do their skins, and formed fresh ones; but mollusca never change their shells, and the argument would be quite as applicable to most other genera, especially the *Strombs*, *Folutes*, and *Muricea*, which are equally variable in size. As the shells are moulded on the soft fleshy mantle, if this part is injured by any accident, or its form distorted by any external circumstance, as, for example, the surface of the body to which the animal may be attached, the shell will be similarly distorted and its surface similarly altered. Shells being formed by the gradual addition of laminae round the edge of the mouth, it is to be expected that when broken they should exhibit a laminar structure, and this is the case with certain shells which have a large quantity of animal matter in their composition, but in the greater number of shells the calcareous particles, as they are deposited, unite with those previously secreted, and assume a crystalline form, the kind of crystal being apparently determined by the quantity of animal matter which enters into the shell. The shells which exhibit the laminar structure contain so much animal matter in their composition as to retain their form, consisting of an immense number of membranaceous plates after all the calcareous particles have been removed by maceration in weak muriatic acid; they are very compact and dense, and generally exhibit an iridescent or pearly lustre on the surface. It is these shells that yield the pearls of commerce, which are only rounded concretions of shelly matter of this structure. The most simple form of crystalline structure is shown in the *Pinnæ* and a few other shells where the calcareous particles, as they are deposited on the inner surface of the shell, assume a prismatic crystalline form, the crystals being perpendicular to the surface of the shell, and extending from surface to surface, except where they are interrupted by any temporary suspensions of the growth of the animal, and even there the top of the crystal of the new part of the shell is exactly under the bottom of the crystal of the older part, which was formed before the interruption in its growth. The most common form of crystalline structure which is found in most univalve shells is far more complicated, and exhibits one of the most beautiful examples of the extremely simple means by which nature provides for the protection of her creatures. If man had but observed the process pursued by nature in the formation of these shells, she would have taught him hundreds of years ago to combine strength with buoyancy in the perfection of naval architecture, instead of leaving it to be a modern discovery. Shells of this structure are formed of three concentric coats closely adhering together, each formed, when minutely examined, of very numerous laminae, placed side by side very close together, perpendicular to the surface of the shell, and each of the laminae being thinner than silver paper, and

readily splitting into small rhombic crystals. Whatever may be the form assumed by the cone of the shell, the outer and inner of these coats are formed of laminae radiating from the apex to the base, and the intermediate coat of similar laminae crossing the former at a right angle and parallel to the base of the cone. This structure gives a most extraordinary degree of strength to the shell, and renders it capable of receiving very heavy blows without any serious injury. In speaking of the gradual deposition of shells, it was stated that the periostracum was first deposited and then strengthened by the addition of shelly matter on its inner edge. In shells of this kind, the animal next completes the outer of these three coats, then the two others in succession, all three forming, when the animal is increasing the size of the shell, a gradually shelving edge to the mouth. But when the animal is about to take its periodical rest, which appears necessary either to recruit its strength or to provide for some change in the system, its first care is gradually to bring up the second and then the third of these coats to a level with the outer edge of the mouth, and then to deposit on the inner part of the inner one additional layers, and thus to add to the strength of the most exposed part of the shell. Some species, after having done this, extend their mantle more or less beyond the edge of the mouth of the shell, and then continue the inner layer in a greater or less degree over the surface of the periostracum and outer surface of the outer coat of the shell, giving it a polished china-like surface, as is the case with the *Cowries* and *Tearshells*. The glands which have the power of secreting the shelly matter are not entirely confined to the edge of the mantle, but are scattered over its hinder part, and these glands often deposit on the upper part of the cavity of the shelly cone a glassy secretion, which gradually fills up the cavity that would otherwise be left by the body as it gradually moves onwards to the wider part of the shelly cone; and along with these glands there must also be others which secrete colouring matter, for this secretion is sometimes coloured, and the colour of the inner surface of many shells (as for instance the *Cowries*) is often changed by the addition of new colouring matter subsequent to the first deposit. It must also be these glands which secrete the septa in the chambered shells, which are also furnished with a periostracum.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.—Oxford, Feb. 12.—Professor Powell, President, in the chair.—A letter, from Professor Daubeny, dated Philadelphia, was then read. It commenced with a survey of the state of meteorological science in North America. A series of observations on the weather is now regularly made at Montreal by Mr. McCord, a resident, who has spared no expense in providing himself with the best instruments from Europe. This gentleman has undertaken the task of collecting from various quarters observations made by others on the weather in Canada, and of reducing them to an uniform scale, and calculating the mean results. It appears, that no amelioration in the climate has been consequent upon the cutting down of the forests; but, on the contrary, the cold has progressively increased during the last seven years. Mr. McCord, however, considers that this deterioration will not continue on the same scale, but that the last seven years have been part of a great cycle ending in the same mean temperature from which it commenced. A table of observations made at Cape Diamond, Quebec, in 1829, by J. Watt, Esq., superintendent of telegraphs, shows that the mean temperature of Cape Diamond, notwithstanding its intense summer heat (93° or 94°), is inferior to that of Iceland; but the Cape is 330 feet above the sea. From a table of the mean temperature of fifty-three places in the state of New York, compiled by Mr. M. Webster, of Albany, the highest mean temperature in that state was 51° 15', the lowest 43° 90', on Fahrenheit's scale. The temperature however, of the mineral springs of Ballston, ranges from 49° 5' to 50°, and of Saratoga, from 49° 30' to 51°, whilst the mean temperature of the climate in their neighbourhood is 47° 37'. Possibly this may be an exemplification of Humboldt's theory, that there exists some parallel of latitude between the equator and the poles, above which the temperature of the springs exceeds that of the climate in a scale increasing with the latitude. Mr. Redfield, of New

York, has advanced a theory, that the prevailing storms on the Atlantic Coast have the character of tornados, or revolve about their own axis with immense velocity, being, at the same time, carried along at a comparatively slow rate by the attendant current of air, of whose mass they form a portion. The ship in which Dr. Daubeny sailed, experienced a violent storm, which seemed to corroborate this theory, as a vessel which passed them on the next day informed them that no gale had been felt to the westward. A chart has been constructed by Mr. Redfield to illustrate his views. The phenomena of these storms are explained by Mr. Espy, of Philadelphia, not by a gyratory motion, but by an upward current, which rushes in from all points of the compass towards a central point, where there is a rapid rise of the superficial strata of air into the higher regions of the atmosphere. Mr. Espy's theory was then stated at length, with several objections to it on the part of Dr. Daubeny. The state of Pennsylvania has allotted 4,000 dollars towards instruments for meteorological observations. Some mention was then made of Davenport's machine for employing electro-magnetism as a moving power: no experiments, however, have been announced to show that electro-magnetism can be employed economically for that purpose.—Mr. Stroud then presented to the Society some specimens of magnetic iron, taken from a ridge about twelve miles distant from the famous hot springs in the Arkansas territory. The abundance of this mineral prevents the survey of the government lands in this vicinity being carried on with the aid of the compass. The President afterwards laid on the table a copy of his work upon 'The Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth,' and made a few observations on the nature of Inductive Reasoning, a subject which forms the basis of the argument of his work.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight.
	Artists' Conversazione	Eight.
	Statistical Society	Eight.
MON.	Royal Academy (Sculpture)	Eight.
	Horticultural Society	Two.
TUES.	Institute of Civil Engineers	Eight.
	Linnean Society	Eight.
WED.	Geological Society	Eight.
	Society of Arts	Seven.
	Royal Society	Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society of Literature	Four.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight.
	Royal Academy (Painting)	Eight.
FRI.	Royal Institution	Eight.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE have seen far better collections of the works of our modern artists than the present. For any new signs of promise there visible, the world of easels and oil colours might have been asleep for a twelvemonth. Among the younger exhibitors, however, there is improvement to be discerned, in some more boldness—in others more finish—in none, as far as we are aware, an increase of mannerism. Most of the principal works have, as usual, been exhibited elsewhere.—Mr. McCise's clever, but not-to-be-coveted picture of the *Bohemian Gipsies*, Mr. A. Chalon's *Dalila*, and Mr. Patten's well-known *Wood Nymph*, among the number;—besides other pictures, concerning which, report has already been made.

In following the numbers of the Catalogue, we are not stopped by any work of pretension till we arrive at some pieces of portraiture—(No. 47), two children, by Mrs. Carpenter, and *Una Maschera* (52), by Mrs. J. Robertson. Each has merit: but something more is to be said for the next pair of children, which made us pause before them—(61) *The Mendicants*, by Mr. Rothwell. The expression of the girl, melancholy and shy, but not awkward, and the ill-repressed merriment of the sun-burnt boy, who shrinks behind her, are excellently given: the colouring is beautiful. Mr. Cope's *Lady in a Mantilla* (147), hardly fulfils the good promise made last year at the Royal Academy: the colouring is feeble and sickly. In the third room, however, the artist exhibits a homelier subject (144), *The Post-Office*, which we like better. It is nothing more or less than the old tale of the wife coming once again to ask for tidings of the absent husband, and once again receiving that dreary

answer, "No letter to-day." Her distressed face is hid in her apron; but we know how sad it must be from the half-frightened, half-bewildered look of the chubby child, who clings to her skirts, and the humane concern visible on the countenance of the quaint old post-master. We have dwelt upon this work rather because Mr. Cope is a young artist, than because we are particularly enamoured of the school to which it belongs. In addition to it, there are many humorous domestic subjects in the room executed with as great, and greater power,—from the easels of Messrs. Buss, Kidd, Farrier, Webster, Fraser and Hancock, (we may particularize (437) *Going to poll*, by the last-mentioned artist.)—of which it is impossible to speak separately. All are more or less welcome to the eye for their fidelity and sprightliness,—welcome in proportion as their story is clearly told; but, as appeals to the mind, they are naught, and therefore, when viewed in numbers, they become wearisome.

The best works will be found in the middle room. One of these is Mr. J. C. Horsley's, *Winning the Game* (174). Like his last year's picture—the Hall at Haddon Hall, the present work, in the management of its air and day-light, reminds us of certain interiors by De Hooge. Through the broad mullioned window a pteuous and tranquil sunshine streams upon the white head of the old gentleman, who may well be puzzled by the state of his army on the chess-board; while his demure and clever-looking antagonist, in the mulberry robe and black coif, can afford to wait patiently, and beguile the interval, by taking a pinch of snuff. Perhaps an air of repose and self-command is thrown over both the players, greater than is wholly warranted by reality. We never saw a protracted field lost or won, at chess, without agitation and irritability, however carefully suppressed. And so well do we know the breathless trembling interest of the by-stander's part, that we cannot forgive the damsel in pale brown ringlets, who has been overlooking the table, for turning away from it, unless the fan pressed to her lips is intended as a sign to impose silence upon the pair who are so busily making love by the side of the virginals at the upper end of the chamber. A thousand little accessories, in the shape of a scattered heap of token-flowers, a plethoric bass-lute, a plumed hat and mantle, and cane and glove, are carefully made out. The perspective is, perhaps, a little extreme, but the work, as a whole, is one of great merit.

Mr. Inskipp has presented us with a few of the fruits of his travels. No. 120, *The Fountain of Samduci in the Sabine Mountains*,—a girl with a basket on her head, which casts a shade upon the upper half of her gipsy-brown face, with its liquid jet-black eyes. From this basket is thrust out the boldly-folded corner of a blue garment, the effect of which,—not to call it a trick of colour,—seems to us one of the happiest things we have seen for many a day. *The Venetian Lace-Maker* (307), by the same artist, is a similar subject hardly less felicitously rendered; the languid, impassioned boy-musician, who nestles close up to the side of the sumptuous handicraftswoman, is true to life, without the slightest exaggeration. Against the excessive breadth of handling, shown by Mr. Inskipp, in these two excellent works, we cannot but protest—let it be carried but a little further, and the bounds between masterly execution and slovenliness will be forgotten. There are three similar subjects by Mr. Roods, 275, 276 and 295, which we particularize because the name of the painter is new to us; the last, *A Girl in a Vineyard*, is the best.

And now,—as we do not mean to descant on some violent designs by Mr. McClise, which have been painted for Mr. E. L. Bulwer's forthcoming 'Siege of Granada,' or on a suite of Byron Illustrations by Mr. Herbert, hardly less exceptionable for their stiff mannerism,—we may conclude our few words concerning the historical pieces, by admiring the *Good Samaritan* (233), Mr. Ety's one contribution. This gentleman is at times so exclusively possessed with his extraordinary powers of colouring, especially in the treatment of naked subjects, that we are apt, in considering his works, to think of his carnations and pearly lights, and warm rich shadows, rather than of the sentiment of the story which has been under his hands. The wounded man is lying at length, stripped, and his face averted, with his benefactor earnestly bending over him, fearing no contamination for his magnificent raiment, as he

applies the ointment and the bandage to the wounds left by the thieves. In the distance are the priest and the Levite looking curiously back; awaiting the Samaritan, stands the ass from which he has just alighted:—but though the story is told faithfully, we return to the picture a second time, not for the sake of the heart, but the eye. Its colouring is most rich and powerful.

We are always secure of meeting with good landscapes in these rooms: the very first item in the Catalogue is by one who has made many steps towards excellence since we last encountered him, Mr. E. W. Cooke. He has contributed largely; and we do not remember a beach scene arranged and wrought out more admirably than (79) his *Dutch Fishermen selling Thornback*,—whether in right of the burly groups of merchants—the women with their flapping hats—the men with their enormous breeches—or of the moist sand, dimpled with its shallow pools of water, and the curling surf in the middle distance. There are an abundance of clever sea-pieces in the Exhibition, but this, with one exception, is the best. Sir W. Callcott's *Murano* (14) is greyer and paler,—dare we say more chalky?—in tone, than we thoroughly admire. Mr. Jones is as clever as usual in his sketches of continental towns;—and there is an Italian landscape by Mr. Holland, (86) *The Tombs of the Scaligers at Verona*, which claims notice. Mr. Lee's *Rabbit Warren* (146) is in his coldest colours and most literal manner: in its execution, too, this picture seems to us slighter than any work we remember from the same hand. Mr. Stark, who used too rarely to look at nature when in one of her laughing moods, has this year changed his tone, and given us some excellent landscapes, in which the sun has a fair, not a lion's share. We must instance Nos. 3 and 6, and, best of all, 223, *View from Bradistone Cottage, Norfolk*, where a brook, soaking its way down sloping uplands, and a few trees, are, by the force of cleverness, combined into an attractive landscape. Mr. Roberts is, as usual, rich and effective in his architectural subjects: we like his *Durham* (205) less than his Spanish scenes, for it is painted in those golden and purple hues, which, though native to the banks of the Arno, or to the shore of the "shell of gold," are hardly so to the banks of the Wear. But while speaking of exaggerated colouring, what are we to say of Mr. J. J. Chalon's *Partenza* (420), and *Il Ritorno* (408)? Cleopatra's show on the Cydnus would look tame and faded by the side of the latter, where such a sunset as is rarely seen, flames upon a brightly caparisoned company, with their gilded galleys and their glittering trumpets, and garments and streamers out-rivalling the colours of the humming-birds themselves. Miss Martineau talks of a scarlet sky in America. Mr. Chalon has imagined one yet more gaudy: such effects may be true; but ninety-nine gazers out of the hundred will denounce them as mere extravaganzas.

We recommend all who wish for shade and repose to turn from this too brilliant pair of Decameron-pictures, and rest his eye upon Mr. Creswick's charming *Avenue* (358). Did we not fear to be thought hyper-fantastic in our praise, we should say that the peculiar cool green atmosphere, which "smells woefully" among long alleys of trees, giving a dampness to the turf, most delicious in summer time, breathes from this picture: it is crossed, too, by those flickering patches of shadow, which impart such a dreamy beauty to wood scenery, and, ever changing, destroy the entireness of its deep repose. A figure or two, in the costume made immortal by Watteau, glide to and fro down this tempting vista; but the shadows lie upon them, and they are only felt to be present, instead of thrusting themselves upon the eye by the force of their gay clothes. Even with a month's frost round us, chilling, as it were, our very thoughts, this landscape of Mr. Creswick's tempted us to linger and return: it is the best of many excellent works, for which we are indebted to him.

We would fain have said ten words concerning the menagerie furnished by Messrs. E. Landseer and F. Lee, but the hounds and the deer from the well-tried hand of the first, and the fish and the birds by the second, all faithful as they are, must give way; nor can we particularize many tiny pictures, which we had noted down for their cleverness and finish. Mr. Turner's grand sea-piece (No. 134) has yet to be spoken of, and then our notice must close. It is a

group of fishing-boats—like the craft by the same hand, hung up in companionship with the ships of Vandervelde at the last year's exhibition of ancient pictures—relieved against a massy bank of leaden clouds; the fore sea is touched with a sunlight preternaturally strong, but the restless illuminated water is dashed in with a power and mastery, in which Mr. Turner stands alone among his contemporaries. The deck of the principal boat is crowded with a heap of blotches of colour, which, at a short distance, are accepted for fishermen; and midway, towards the horizon, towers a stately man-of-war. This picture though slight, even to slovenliness in many parts, bears, nevertheless, a cabinet finish, compared with others recently exhibited by Mr. Turner,—his 'Hero and Leander' for instance: and, with a striking fault or two, is still the finest work in not a very fine Exhibition.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH (*Hela*, Mr. H. Phillips); and the PANTOMIME.
On Monday, RICHARD THE THIRD. (*Duke of Gloster*, Mr. Charles Kean); after which the Dramatic Romance of BLUE BEARD, or FEMALE CURIOSITY.
Tuesday, Sheridan's Comic Opera, THE DUENNA.
Wednesday, HAMLET; and JOAN OF ARC.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, THE LADY OF LYONS; and other Entertainments.
On Monday, KING LEAR; and the PANTOMIME.
Tuesday, JULIUS CÆSAR; and FRA DIAVOLO: being for the Benefit of a Charitable Institution.
Wednesday, THE LADY OF LYONS, and the New Farce of MACKINTOSH & CO. (*Mackintosh & Co. Mr. Power*).
Thursday, THE LADY OF LYONS; and other Entertainments.

VOCAL SOCIETY.—*Third Concert*.—There is no denying that these meetings are dull. The most entire sympathy with aspiration cannot—ought not, to induce the listener, year after year, to make allowance for inefficiencies in performance, which there appears no chance of being amended. Choral works, however sublime, without a chorus,—glees, however delicate, when made up of fided voices, must leave the listener wearied and cold, and disposed to echo Christopher Sly's "Would 'twere done!" The programme of Monday evening's Concert comprised many fine specimens from Purcell's 'King Arthur,' a march and chorus from Beethoven's 'Ruins of Athens,' and an overture ('King Stephen') also by Beethoven,—concerning which a contemporary sagely remarks, "that its principal interest lay in its instrumental effects"; to ourselves, it appeared the flimsiest work we ever heard from the giant's pen. Byrd's 'Lullaby' is one of the most charming of many charming madrigals; nothing could be more perfect than its execution. Nothing, too, could be more thoroughly finished than Miss Masson's *pastorale* from the 'Teseo' of Handel. This lady deserves honour for the great variety of unacknowledged and classical songs she introduces, and because she never ventures before her audience unprepared or uncertain.

MR. MOSCHELES' SOIREEs.—With the best will to do full justice to what is first-rate, we have only a corner to spare for this chamber-concert. The scheme embraced Beethoven's pianoforte violin sonata (Op. 23),—of all his works, perhaps, the most elegant; his grand sonata in c major,—of all his works, perhaps, the most brilliant—one, which we recommend to the happy darning of any young artist who is about to play at the Philharmonic.—Sebastian Bach's chromatic fantasia, and a grand fugue and fantasia by Mozart, in which Mr. Moscheles made his two hands do the work of four, the piece having been written as a duet: this was one of the finest performances we ever heard. Besides these, were played a suite of grand variations by Weber, some of Mendelssohn's songs without words, and three of the artist's own studies. The singers were Mr. Parry, jun., and a Miss Austin, (her first appearance), who, as far as her extreme timidity makes judgment possible, appears to us to promise well.

Grand Characteristic Studies for the Pianoforte, &c., by J. Moscheles.—Since we have been reviewers of music, no new work of high pretension has come before us bearing the test of analysis, whether strict or liberal, so well as these studies. Each of the twelve bears a specific name; and their author has tasked his fastidious and refined intellect to produce

such combinations of sound and science as may most fully express and illustrate the ideas conveyed by the titles. It may not be superfluous to remind those who, like ourselves, own a bias towards picture-music, but may, perhaps, have too little considered its difficulties and limitations, that the classical artist works more successfully through the means of expression, than of direct imitation; that the familiar examples which start up to memory from Haydn's 'Creation'—the "darkness which may be felt," the "fire mingled with hail," and the waters overwhelming Pharaoh's chariots and his host, in Handel's imperishable 'Israel in Egypt,' are excellent for their general, rather than their literal truth; and that when the several masters condescend to attempt close paraphrase, they degenerate from the sublime and thoughtful in composition into the quaint and puerile. This distinction not having been sufficiently borne in mind, a thousand inferior composers have claimed the palm of genius on the score of rippling brooks, roaring winds, processions of triumph, and funeral marches, paraded, not wholly unsuccessfully, in their fantasias; but their real place in the scale of merit is determined by the fact, that as often as they have touched any subject to which this mechanical cuckoo-work was inapplicable, they have become 'edious, pedantic, and incomprehensible. It was not thus with Haydn—more adequate for truth and intensity of colouring in his 'Passione,' than in the buzzing insect-swarm, the carolling birds and darkling storms of his 'Creation' and 'Seasons':—it was not thus with Beethoven, whose 'Adieu, Absence, and Return,' come home to the heart even more closely, than his nightingale and quail, and murmuring brook, and dancing villagers, and summer tempest, enchant the ear in his 'Pastoral Symphony.' Thus, also, to reach the work under notice, M. Moscheles, when illustrating 'Wrath,' 'Terror,' 'Contradiction,' 'Reconciliation,' is yet more happy and distinct in his power of exciting appropriate sensations, of calling up appropriate images, than when he bent himself to tell the story of 'La Pucelle' in music, where the fairy-haunted fountain—the mailed battle-field—the triumph—the defeat and the death—being objects, and not emotions, must have been much more precise in their suggestiveness, than the subjects just enumerated. Those who are familiar with the works of M. Moscheles, will be prepared to find traces of exquisite intellect, rather than of spontaneous inspiration, in his musical pictures—melodies which content the ear, rather than such as take it by storm; but it is impossible not to be struck with the intense and various individuality of each specimen, though the medium by which they have been presented is one, it might have been feared, tending to produce a pervading mannerism and formality. The first study is 'Wrath'—bold, flashing, violent music; the second, 'Reconciliation'—as caressing as its predecessor was stormy; the third, 'Contradiction'—unwearied in reply, petulant in contrast. Nothing can be more admirable than the way in which the antagonist spirits will make themselves heard, through the busy, ceaseless whirl of notes, which would wholly drown a dialogue less pointed. 'Juno,' the next study, is one of our two favourites; there is a stately, not a stern, grandeur in its outset, a sumptuous passion and tenderness towards its close, which amount to the magnificent. The fifth, 'A Nursery Tale,' will be the most popular, for its arch and pretty song; but we prefer the next, 'Bacchanale,' which brings before our eyes, in all their jollity, the embrowned rout of travellers, with their vine garlands, and thyrsi, and clashing cymbals, and rich streaming cups of embossed gold, just as they may be seen flushing the canvas in some gorgeous old Italian picture. The following five are 'Affection,' 'Alla Napolitana,' 'Moonlight on the Sea-shore,' 'Tersichore,' and 'A Dream.' We write down their titles, to indicate the variety of moods and scenes, not touched, but held, or played with, as may be, by our author. The last is 'Terror,' its writer's masterpiece, and one of the grandest specimens of musical expression to be found from any pen. There is a preternatural exaggeration of fear in every note—a shuddering, gloomy restlessness of character, bursting forth at times into an insane and shrieking frenzy, which it is impossible in words to express, or to praise too highly. We recommend these admirable studies, not to a casual glance, but

to a diligent and respectful perusal: they are, however, extremely difficult; and we are half disposed to regret the elaborate finish of their details, which, by enjoining the closest attention, must, in some wise, hinder most students, whether amateur or professional, from giving their outlines with the freedom and sentiment which is demanded for their performance.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new play, in five acts, called 'The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride,' by Mr. Calvert, was produced here on Thursday evening. We have not time to enter into an account either of its merits or its defects; there is much of both. The story is from the German; and if the play be not taken from the French, it is curiously written at the French. It was extremely well received, and uproariously, though partially, applauded at the end.

MISCELLANEA

Language.—(To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.)—In a late number of the *Athenæum* you took notice of a work entitled *Parallèle des Langues de l'Europe et de l'Inde*, and expressed yourself well pleased with the author's researches, ascribing the origin of the European radicals to the Sanscrit. It is but justice, however, to our countryman, Mr. Richardson, to remark, that in the Preliminary Essay accompanying his Dictionary, he has proposed some speculations on the same subject, and expresses a belief that he has laid a foundation for a New Theory of the Origin of Speech, by tracing its elements to a higher source—one common to all tongues—that of nature. Take the following observation in reference to B and M, as illustrative of his argument:—

"It is a trite remark (he observes), that the invention and practice of oral speech must have long preceded the invention and formation of literal characters—that words, the *signa auditibilia*, must have prevailed on the surface of the earth for years and centuries of years before the graphic signs, the *verba visibilia*, could have been contrived. All men, of all ages and countries of the world, have had, and have, the same organs of speech, and the same sense of hearing—that is, the same organs for the utterance and entrance of sound, with the faculty of distinguishing one sound from another. Articulate or organic sounds, constituting oral language, were and are, as Aristotle terms them, intelligible sounds, or sounds intended to signify distinct meanings. All people, to whom written language is known, have written signs (named letters) to denote the same distinct intelligible sounds, so constituting oral language—for each sound a corresponding literal sign. Each letter, then, was the sign of a separate distinct meaning; it was, in fact, the sign of a word, previously familiar in speech. These letters, once invented, and their forms established, were, and continue to be, distinguished by the two general names of vowels and consonants. The vowels, or letters so named, are the signs of a breathing: these breathings, however, are emitted by sentient beings; they are the proofs of animal vitality or life, and they have given birth to some primitives denoting sensation, and also motion—the first act of a sentient being. The common nature of the consonants will be understood by observing, that each consonant letter requires, for its complete utterance, a breathing precedent, a closure or collision of some of the organs of speech, and an aperture or separation of them, with a breathing subsequent. Take, for instance, the labials B and M; call the first, (with the vowel preposed, *ab, éb, ém, ém*.) the announced sound; call the second, (with the vowel subjoined, *ba, bé, ma, mé*.) the enounced sound; and to the two we may give the name of conjoinate, *abba*. The announced sound of the letter B (*ab*) signified a meaning—so did the enounced B (*ba*)—and so did the conjoinate utterance of the two, *abba*. The literal character, B, was and is the written sign of this meaning; the literal sound is a word, the literal character is the written sign of that word. What is predicated of B, may be so of all the other consonants."

Proceeding upon these data, Mr. Richardson proceeds to say—"The organic sounds of these letters will be recognised as the earliest distinct sounds spoken by children; and the direct inference is, that, from the constant repetition of speech, they become reciprocated as names for both parent and child. B, in Heb. *Ab*; in Arabic and Gothic, the conjoinate *Abba*; in Heb. and other tongues *Abba*, are names of the male parent; and in some, *Am, Em, or Emm*, (M,) is the name of the female parent."

"But B is, in union with its cognates, P, F, V, in different languages, a far more fruitful source—thus, applied to the parent:—

"B.—Persian, *Ba-ba*; Arabic, *Ba-aba*; Sanscrit, *Bop*.
 "P.—Por. *Pa-der*; Sans. *Pa-tera*; Gr. *Πα-τερ, Πα-τρης*; Lat. *Pa-ter*; Eng. *Pa-pa*; with the Hottentots, *Bo*; and in some American, *Ida*, *Ba-ba*.
 "F.—Gothic, *Fa-dreim*, *fa-terentes*; A. S. *Fa-der*; Sw. *Fa-der*; Dan. *Fa-der*; Eng. *Fa-ther*; and Chinese, *Fou*.
 "V.—Dutch, *Va-der*, Ger. *Va-ter*.

"It is worthy of remark, that the Persian and Arabic, together with the American islands, apply to the parent that organic sound of B duplicated, which, in so many other languages, is applied to the child; thus—

"B.—The Heb. *Ba-bah*, Syriac *Ba-ba*, are our English *Bab*.

"The Pers. *Buch*, Sw. *Bogge*, Dan. *Pog*, are our English *Boy*.

"P.—In Gr. *Πα-τερ*, Lat. *Pu-pus*, *pu-er*, *pu-pa*, *pu-ella*. The food of infants, and the source whence it flows, have names of the same sound, *Bub*, Lat. *Uber*, *pap* (also *Ma-ma*).

† B is used to denote B announced; and B' the same letter enounced.

"From M' applied to the parent, there are—Ar. and Heb. *Mam*; Pers. *Mam*, *Ma-dur*; San. *Ma-ta*, *ma-tri*; Hind. *Ma-tara*; Gr. *Ma-μπα, μα-τρης*; Lat. *Ma-mma*, *ma-ter*; A. S. *Me-der*, *mo-der*; Dan. and Sw. *Mo-der*; D. *Moe-der*, *mo-er*; Ger. *Ma-tter*; Eng. *Ma-ma*, *Mo-ther* (and with the Egyptians, *Mouf*).

"In A. S. *Ma-g, Ma-go*, is both *pa-rent*, and *pu-er*, *pu-ella*; in Goth. *Ma-gath*; A. S. *Me-gth*; Ger. *Ma-gd*; Dutch *Ma-gt*; Dan. *Moe*; Isl. *May, Mey*, is the Eng. *Ma-id*, formerly (as in the A. S. also) written *Mai*. The Sanscrit has *Moog-dha*, *Ma-dajina*; and the Pers. *Ma-de*, *ma-d-eh*, *ma-d-gen*.

"Thus much then (says the author) seems to be clearly established, that the organic sounds of B, with its cognates, and M, were primarily appropriated as names for both parent and child. Various syllabic terminations, as we now denominate them, have, in various tongues, been affixed, the meaning of which it is the province of etymology to ascertain."

The author then proceeds to the consideration of an assemblage of words, which, although they appear to stand at a little remove from these literal roots, or radical nouns, yet receive their significance immediately from them; but you could not, of course, allow me room to accompany him. I will, therefore, only add one remark, that the author of the *Parallèle* refers the letter M to a Sanscrit root. Mr. Richardson endeavours to establish it upon organic utterance common to all the nations upon earth; and has also endeavoured to show, that each and every letter must be in its nature a root—"that these literal roots must (also) be the elements of which all the words, in all the languages of all the inhabitants of the earth, must be and have been composed—there are no other."

Diplomacy among the Savages.—A hostile inroad was lately made on the Fingoes, settled by Sir B. D'Urban in the neutral territory north of Cape Colony, when some lives were lost, and many cattle carried off. This was such an open violation of existing treaties, as might be thought to justify retaliation; but Captain Stockenström, the Lieutenant Governor, whose policy is peace, resolved to treat the affair after the European fashion, and instead of sending out a Commando, and carrying fire and sword among an innocent people, he proceeded to the spot, and inquired into the circumstances. No sooner was his arrival known, than several of the Caffre chiefs came fearlessly to the camp, protesting that they were not responsible for the outrage. The whole account of the subsequent proceedings, which we copy from the *South African Advertiser*, is to us extremely interesting, and the conduct of the Lieutenant Governor may serve as a guide to others in like circumstances. Umkaye said—"When we took hold of the pen to sign the word" (Treaties) "we swore by God, and by our Fathers, that we would keep it fast, and we wish to do so. We have therefore come to show you that we are sincere. This mischief has not been done by the Caffre nation. The Great Chiefs know nothing of it. Seyolo is a headstrong young man, and thinks he can do as he likes. He is doubly guilty. In the first place he had no cause for the attack; and secondly, if he had cause, he ought not to have acted without the consent of the Great Chiefs. This must be made right again. Tell us how it must be done." On this the Lieutenant Governor pointed out the nature of the crime, and insult offered to the Government. He said, "In the times of our Fathers this would have caused a general war. We would have sent Commandos against each other and made reprisals; but it is now in your power to settle the matter by your Councils." And concluded by saying that they must give redress by animadverting on Seyolo, and reducing him to order. Umkaye and Zeto said, "That is just." It was necessary however, that so important a business should be proceeded in with all due formality. Accordingly, the Chiefs and Councillors assembled at Wesleyville to the number of about three hundred, to decide finally on the case. At their request, Mr. Shepstone publicly stated to them the view taken by his Government of that affair—that Seyolo was one of their subjects—that he had violated the treaty existing between them and the British—and that the Lieutenant Governor looked to them, in the first instance, for satisfaction. He then withdrew, and the Council remained in deliberation for seven or eight hours. A messenger was then sent to Mr. Shepstone, requesting him to name a place where he would meet them, as they were now ready to hear his word. He named the Chapel; where, when they had assembled, Umhala expressed a wish that he would repent to the whole assembly what he had said to those who were present on a former day. He complied; and when he had finished, Umhala said—"As these are the Lieutenant Governor's sentiments, what is specifically required of us?" To this,

Mr. Shepstone replied, that the Lieutenant Governor could not prescribe to them specifically what they must do; but he demanded sufficient proof that they not only passively disapproved, but that they would take such measures as will effectually prevent the recurrence of such outrages. Umhala then asked—"Upon what is the stress laid? upon the cattle taken, or the death of the people?" To this, Mr. Shepstone answered—"Both are considered. The one is rendered more heinous by the commission of the other." Umhala then in a long speech desired him to convey to the Lieutenant Governor, the best thanks of the Council, that he had sent Mr. Shepstone to them, whom they had long known, and whom they understood, (Mr. Shepstone has resided long in Cafferland, and speaks the language perfectly), "and that he had not sent a Commando; that he had given over to them the adjustment of the case, and had not made war upon them without sending for their hearts' thoughts. The sinner has sinned alone, and at the impulse of his own heart. We have had no communication with him. We heard what he had done, and sent our messengers to him, but he drove them away. Our living letters are here to prove what we advance. We sent to him yesterday: he refused to come. *To-morrow we will go to him, and will eat him up.* But we will leave his house standing, lest peradventure he may say 'My Father's children have been the cause of my committing more crimes.' We wish to have peace for ever. We have proved war to have profited us nothing. On the contrary, it has caused us to die of hunger." Was shall be content, if men as wise and just be found inhabiting the border land of America and the Canadas, and if civilized nations will but treat the affair of the *Caroline*, as these poor savages did the onslaught of Seyolo.

Public Libraries.—It appears, from the estimates for the year 1838, published in the *Colonist*, that the legislative colony has voted 4,000*l.* for the erection of a Public Library and Museum in Sydney.

Crimes in England and France.—The French government has employed M. Moreau de Jonnés to draw up a comparative calculation of the crimes committed in England and France respectively, and, according to the French papers, the result appears to be, that from 1830 to 1835, murders were four times as frequent in Great Britain as in France, and wounding and maiming, with intent to murder, more frequent by one-half. Robberies in England were four times more numerous, and five times greater, in proportion to the population of the two kingdoms.

Annelids.—M. Milne Edwards has been making some interesting and important observations on the circulating apparatus of the Annelids, which has been but little studied, excepting in the leech and the earth-worm. He finds a great diversity among the different genera. For instance, in the *Terebellæ*, the branchie act as an arterial heart and organ of respiration. Among the *Arenicolæ*, the vascular tufts on the back equally fulfil the double functions of heart and branchie; and there are besides, two ventricles, which, by their pulsations, send the blood into the dorsal vessel. In the *Eunice*, the course of the blood is determined by the contractions of a series of vesicles, situated on each side of the ventral vessel, and sending out canals which go to the branchie. These vesicles are consequently little pulmonary hearts; and, as a pair of them exists in almost all the rings of the body, these singular Annelids often possess hundreds of hearts.

Steam-engines.—Two criminals in the prison of Brest have just invented an apparatus, intended to prevent the explosion of the boilers of steam-engines. M. Arago has earnestly solicited the patronage of the Academy of Sciences for these unhappy men, who exhibit much resignation and patience under their punishment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. B. R.—W. W. W.—H. J. S. W.—R. F. B.—W. G. D.—received. G. is quite right, and we are obliged. Also to G. B., who writes from Vienna, but we decline. We cannot discover the MS. referred to by T. H. B.

The Publisher begs to announce that he has succeeded in perfecting another set of the *Athenæum*, which may be had on application. He is still willing to give one shilling each for numbers 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ILLUSTRATION OF MECHANICS.—Professor MOSELEY will DELIVER, during the present and next Terms, a COURSE OF LECTURES on the Illustration of the Application of the Principles of Mechanics in the Arts, and their Operation in Nature. The first Lecture will be given on TUESDAY, the 20th instant, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, precisely.—Further particulars may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.
King's College, London. H. J. ROSE, B.D., Principal.
4th Feb. 1838.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on the 16th July, 1838, PRIZES will be given, of FIVE to TEN GUINEAS EACH, will be given for the best DESIGNS in ART, applicable to the following branches of Manufacture and Decoration, viz., Silk, Paper-hanging, Jewellery, Carpentry, Architectural Ornament, Carving, Glass, Porcelain, Ribbons, &c. The Competitors must have studied at least three months in the School at Somerset House.—Particulars to be learnt at the School.

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And some exquisite Portraits by Derby—Exquisite Copies of Old Pictures. Also some Old Paintings, Copies after Lawrence, Portrait of Sir Thomas Hardy, by Evans—Pictures by Hart, M'Clist, Chisholm, Franklin, Melville—and an Original Portrait of Mrs. Hemans.

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